Summer Fiction Number

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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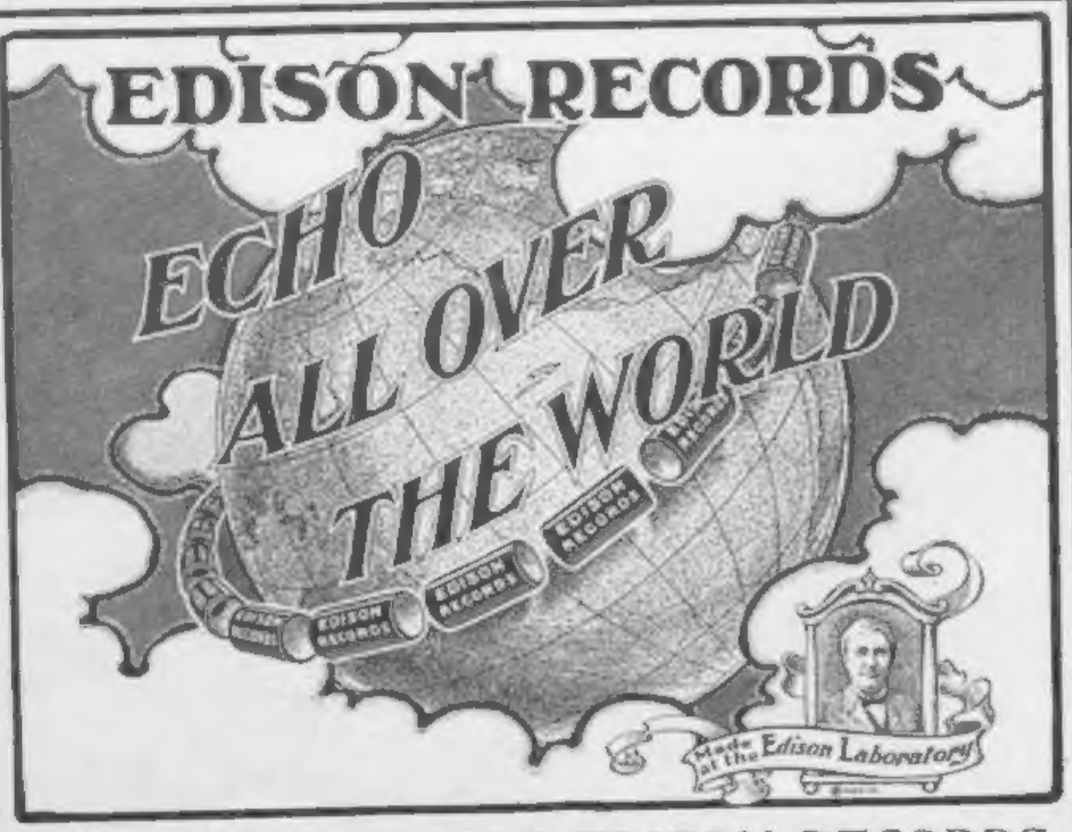

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Conquerors of a Continent

The British Generals in South Africa

By Major Arthur Griffiths, Retired, of the British Army

SO MANY good soldiers have served Great Britain in recent times, and especially in the present arduous war with the Boers, that it is almost invidious to single out the most worthy. Roberts, Buller, Kitchener and Baden-Powell, however, fill perhaps the largest place in the public eye, and their names have been in most men's mouths.

These four may be taken as typical of the rest. They possess much in common with their fellows, with many fine traits peculiarly their own.

War is a chanceful game, so full of ups and downs that no young soldier on the threshold of his career can well foresee what luck may be in store for him.

Frederick Roberts went out to India a somewhat weak and lachrymose boy, fully possessed with the idea that he could not stand the climate. His youth had been sickly; it is said that at school he always kept some stimulant by his bedside to meet sudden heart failures. He soon grew out of all this and developed strength and muscle in the rough-and-tumble out-of-door life on the Indian frontier; he learned to ride with that splendid seat which shows him still to be one of the finest horsemen alive, and to handle all weapons, military and sporting, with consummate skill.

When Commander-in-Chief in India and nearly sixty years of age he won the tent-pegging competition from the whole army of India. Not long since, when commanding in Ireland, he became an enthusiastic cyclist, and at the Curragh autumn manœuvres led his staff about on his wheel—the wiry little man (it is his pet nickname now in South Africa, the "Little Man") leading always, an easy first. He is as keen and active still as in the dread days of the Indian Mutiny when, carrying with him nothing but a blanket and his sword, he rode "hell for leather" across the Sepoy-infested open country to give his help in the siege of Delhi.

A Marvel of Energy and Hard Work

This splendid energy is unabated now. He is up early and late, spends half his day or more in the saddle, and has his hand on everything, from the march of an army corps to the issue of a ration; he can turn his hand to anything—the capture of Cronje or the teaching of a Boer baby the alphabet.

His forbearance to his foes has been truly marvelous, though they robbed him of his only son. There was something infinitely touching in the way Roberts heard the terrible news. It was at his club, the United Service, where the cablegrams are posted as they come in. A crowd had gathered around the "butcher's bill" after Colenso. Some one read aloud, to the eagerly listening group: "Lieutenant, the Honorable F. Roberts, R. H. A., wounded mortally."

"Hsh," corrected another, and pointed to the bereaved father, Lord Roberts, who stood there, too, and heard thus abruptly of a blow from which there could be no recovery. The crowd fell apart in silent sympathy and left him alone with his grief, tempered with pride that at least his son had won the Victoria Cross as he died.

The facts as to his appointment to the supreme command in South Africa are not generally known. It was felt by the Cabinet that some officer of high rank and unbounded trustworthiness should go out, and Lord Salisbury was in favor of sending Lord Kitchener, in whom he has always felt unbounded confidence. The Queen fully approved, for she, too, had faith in the then Sirdar. Whoever went must necessarily be senior to Buller, and some of his friends wished to spare him the pain of supersession by a junior officer, as Kitchener actually was.

Then recourse was had to Roberts, a field marshal and of altogether superior rank. Even then the general belief was that, being advanced in years, he was presumably unequal to the severe labors of active warfare and could be no more than the figurehead, and that the moving spirit and real head of affairs would be Kitchener. Every one who thought so was much mistaken, including, perhaps, Lord Kitchener himself, for the "Little Man" was not one to take the second place in anything, least of all in his own particular business, and he soon asserted himself in an unmistakable fashion.

How Roberts Humbled Lord Kitchener

It was after the attack on Cronje's laager at Paardeberg, which had been conducted by Kitchener as chief of staff in the absence of Lord Roberts, and with a great loss of life for no sufficient gain. Another General, Kelly-Kenny, had protested against an order given by Kitchener and refused to act upon it until the matter had been referred to the Commander-in-Chief in person. When Lord Roberts came up he decided against Kitchener and used the following incisive words:

"Please understand, Lord Kitchener, that I command this army. You will be good enough to issue no orders but those you receive from me."

Lord Roberts has always been very much the master, choosing his own road for himself and following it with unfailing fixity of purpose. This self-reliance is the outcome of his personal courage. It has always reacted on his surroundings and secured him a devotion greater, perhaps, than that enjoyed by any other commander.

In the days of the Mutiny his *khitmutgar* regularly brought him his meals under fire; in the fiercest fighting around Sherpoor, when the Afghan attack went near breaking through the defense, his man quietly prepared his breakfast and bath as though he was in perfect safety. Nothing could exceed the devotion of his escort in the Afghan War: Sikhs and Goorkhas who never let him out of their sight and continually interposed between him and the enemy's fire. This same spirit has been as remarkably exhibited in South Africa, where aides and orderlies and escorts have vied with each other in following him close and watching over him. Nor is this loyalty limited to his personal *entourage*, for the whole army believes in him and loves him dearly, reciprocating thus his unflagging care for its well-being. Lord Roberts is essentially a soldier's general; he has labored unceasingly since he first came into power to promote the comfort of the men in a thousand different ways.

The exact measure of praise or blame that is to be accorded Buller must be left to the military historian when the whole case is reviewed with ample facts and figures. Meanwhile it is certain that Buller was put to a gigantic task with insufficient means. Had he been as amply supplied as was Lord Roberts there would have been another story to tell.

The whole brunt of the penalty for unpreparedness for war, or, more exactly, the failure to appreciate the true scope of the war, fell upon Buller. It was not his fault that he was left so long without sufficient artillery; that the paramount necessity for unlimited cavalry was not realized till so late; that in the hurried dispatch of troops to the seat of war the no less needful demands for war and other material were overlooked. It was not Buller's fault that he had to rely chiefly upon ox transport because the home Government would not permit the purchase betimes of the horses and mules which were afterward poured into South Africa with such profusion.

Buller found himself confronted with a grave problem at the very outset. The Boers had gained two distinct advantages by their able and prompt initiative, and both Ladysmith and Kimberley were thought to be in such severe straits that their relief overrode all other considerations. Buller had to decide between relieving them directly or indirectly. He chose the former and strategically the less sound course, and if proof were needed of this it is seen in the success of Lord Roberts, who carried out that advance on Bloemfontein which Buller at first contemplated but abandoned.

Lord Beresford Beat Buller's Obstinacy

This surrender of views which he firmly held when he left England throws a new light upon his character. Buller had always been believed to be the most obstinate man alive. When he had got anything into his head nothing would move him from it, so those said who knew him best, and one good story of his obstinacy dates back to the days of the Nile Expedition.

He and Lord Charles Beresford were descending the river in a steamer, and a dispute arose between them as to the proper channel by which the First Cataract should be passed. Buller held to one course, Beresford to the other, but Buller carried the day, and the descent was made safely and satisfactorily by his channel.

"You see I was right," he said to Beresford.

"Not at all," retorted Lord Charles. "I knew that was the right channel, and I only advocated the other because I knew you would oppose me whichever I said."

We may conclude now that obstinacy in small things does not extend to large, and Buller clearly lacked firmness in giving up his original plan of campaign.

There was much of his native obstinacy, however, in the doggedness with which he persisted in hammering on. Foiled at Colenso he tried the famous flank march so disastrously ended at Spion Kop; again he forced his way across at Vaal Krantz, to be beaten back once more; and then he harked back to the old ground, and as we know got through in the end. It was this that won him the unstinting confidence of his men. To this day no soldier of the Natal army says anything but good of Buller; the men bore uncomplainingly the dangers and hardships of the incessant warfare to which he committed them, for they still believed in him and followed him to the death. They admired his pluck; they knew that he shared their trials; they knew also that for all his rough exterior he was their good comrade and friend.

The true inwardness of Buller's nature has been but little appreciated by the crowd. Outwardly he is bluff, rough-mannered, sharp-tongued. Within he is one of the kindest, the tenderest of men. It was said of him during his long holding of the highest posts of the army staff that when men went wrong and fault was to be found Buller's vote was always for leniency; he might be abusive, but he was forgiving, and more than once he was known to say: "The poor devil could not help himself; it is not his fault that he is a fool."

He was willing enough to apply the same sort of judgment to himself. On one occasion, at the autumn manœuvres of 1898, when he was undoubtedly worsted by the Duke of Connaught, a special correspondent inquired how he would like the thing to be put and Buller frankly replied: "You may say I made a garden ass of myself."

Buller's method of administering reproof could be caustic enough; his official minutes were startling in their incisiveness. Take for instance the reply he gave the principal medical officer when Wolseley's expedition was going up the Nile. This functionary put three questions to the Chief of Staff:

"(1) Please state how many general actions will be fought between Korti and Khartoum. (2) Where they will be fought. (3) What will be the number of killed and wounded to be provided for?"

Buller's reply was: "(1) Ask the Khalifa. (2) See answer above. (3) Ditto."

Of a piece with this was an application from the same intelligent officer for a fire engine to accompany the field hospitals, this being a part of the scheduled regulation fittings for field hospitals. Buller's reply was interrogative. "Was the fire engine intended to extinguish the burning sands of the desert?"

Redvers Buller is a many-sided man, and whatever may be the ultimate verdict on his generalship there are other lines in which he excels. He is an ideal country gentleman when he is at home in Devonshire, a skilled agriculturist and a noted raiser of stock. He is an excellent man of business, good at figures, well versed in finance, capable of taking care of his own fortune, which is considerable, and much sought after as a trustee. He gained his present charming wife, Lady Audrey Buller, in this way, and he made his favorite club, the Naval and Military, a huge success. No one has questioned his administrative gifts; he has always shown great skill in mastering details, in marshaling facts and in carrying things through.

His is undoubtedly a powerful mind delighting in the acquisition of knowledge. The result has been a desire to dogmatize, to claim that no one knew anything better than Buller. All the same, in any company he could hold his own with the experts; he has been at pains to become an electrical engineer, and attended to the "wiring" of his own mansion; he was ready to lecture as a balloonist, to drive a motor car, or to give points to a mining engineer. The one thing he may be said to have missed is the touch of genius needed to make a great commander.

The Once Stout Buller Now Thin

In person Buller was growing portly before he went out to South Africa. He was of sociable habits and apt to sit up late (the night before he embarked for the Cape he was at the Beefsteak Club till 2 A. M.). Now it is said he has aged and wasted and grown gray under the accumulated anxieties of his arduous post. Withal he is still the honest, out-spoken, self-reliant English gentleman, ready "to hoe his own row" and shift nothing upon others.

There are epochs in a man's career beyond which it were better perhaps he should not go. Such an one was that which saw Lord Kitchener enthusiastically hailed as the conqueror of the Soudan. Since then he has been tried anew, and the opinion as to his quality has somewhat changed. Here, as in Buller's case, judgment should be reserved. The part that Kitchener has played at Roberts's right hand will not be fully appreciated until more is known. It was in the nature of his duties that he should be little heard of even though to a great extent the hub and centre on which the campaign revolved.

The first look at Kitchener tells you the sort of man he is; his is a hard, handsome, much-sunburnt face, with unwinking blue eyes that pierce and riddle you through and through; he has a tall, soldierlike figure with alertness in every move. He is a fighting man, devoted to war from the days he outstayed his leave from a Levantine consulate in order to take part in an Egyptian campaign, and so eager for the fray that he gave battle at Handoub with inferior forces, was worsted, wounded, and all but disgraced.

He was said to be at the point of death, and so escaped reprimand; then he swallowed the bullet in his throat and suddenly recovered. Yet Kitchener's fame will rest rather on deeds that are non-militant. His forte is organization, the slow, patient preparation of means to an end. His services have been invaluable in this respect in South Africa as they were in the Soudan, and in neither case could the great advance have been made but for his marvelous handling of the gigantic supplies of transport by land or river. In carrying out his program he spared no one and utilized all.

We know now that his whole care was to keep the effective men in good case, and he undoubtedly neglected the wounded and suffering who had become unserviceable. That is the man; his whole thoughts and every effort are concentrated on the work ahead and on the successful maintenance of the struggle. Those who had dropped were of no account, so he took the ambulances at Bloemfontein to carry food and warlike stores, and left the sick untended. He is a machine, not a man, grinding out results with mathematical precision and having no care for the human flesh and blood that may be caught up by the inexorable wheels.

Kitchener Happy Among Dirty Arabs

He has shown a strongly marked bias toward friendly relations with the native races he has been associated with. The influence he thereby acquired was great and lasting. It was so marked that Charles Gordon, long years ago when Kitchener was no more than a subaltern, named him as the officer most fitted to succeed him in the important post of Governor-General of the Soudan. Kitchener in those early days was always perfectly happy in the desert with the wandering Arabs. On one occasion, when Lord Wolseley was moving up the Nile, he rode over to see Kitchener, who was detached to gain information, and found him in an Arab encampment, quite at home in a filthy tent, surrounded by still filthier friends, and the whole party covered with flies and sand and nastiness.

"I suppose you will be glad to get away from this," said the chief.

"Not at all, sir. I'm quite happy here. I like it."

To rough it is no hardship to Kitchener. In the great Sirdaria or palace which was his headquarters in Cairo he lived in the utmost simplicity. There was plenty of fine furniture in the reception rooms, but his own place was bare and carpetless—a camp bed, a single body-servant not always within call. The night that it was decided, all in a hurry, to march on Dongola, the British General in Cairo and another officer hurried off to warn Kitchener. It was past midnight; the Sirdaria was dark and silent; no one answered the bell. They broke in through the window and after wandering through the empty rooms they came at last upon Kitchener, sleeping calmly, the only soul in the house.

There is not much that is domestic about Kitchener; he has no hankering for the chimney corner, the hearth and home, the happy family gathering. He is a confirmed bachelor. While Sirdar he disapproved entirely of marriages among his officers, and the penalty of such weakness was an order to resign. The natural inference that Kitchener is a misogynist would be wrong, for he is fond of women's society and can make himself very agreeable when he pleases. We have the highest authority for this, no other than that of the Queen. After Kitchener paid his first visit to Balmoral by her Majesty's command the Queen gave her opinion naively:

"They told me Lord Kitchener hated women; I can only say he was very nice to me." Yet he still prefers single blessedness, and the gossip that has given him to one great heiress after another has no foundation.

"B.-P." Plays as Well as He Fights

Baden-Powell is a man of mercurial temperament and versatile powers; always in high, even boisterous spirits; the cheeriest of companions. He is ready to laugh and to talk and to sing a comic song, to don costumes and act plays, to ride races, to dance half the night through. He can use his pencil with talent of a high order, write lively books, and impart interest to dry facts of scouting and reconnaissance. These are some of the gifts that have made "B.-P." so popular and successful.

He had always his own quaint way of doing things; witness a story of how he taught his Fifth Dragoon Guards to make a night attack.

Some one visiting his barracks one evening found the ground strewed with the dragoons crawling like caterpillars over the grass; this was Baden-Powell's way of showing them how to approach a position after dark. This inventiveness has reached its highest development in his schemes and tricks for outwitting an enemy only less cunning than himself. The Boers were always trying to catch him, for they knew he was the life and soul of the defense. Now they sent in a courteous invitation to visit the dying bedside of a comrade, wounded and a prisoner, promising him a safe conduct which they would certainly have violated. Next, when his poor friend died, they asked him to attend the funeral and bring the Union Jack to cover the body.

"B.-P.'s" answer was a polite request that the body might be sent into Mafeking for burial among his own people. One of "B.-P.'s" cleverest devices was to place red flags at weak spots outside Mafeking and to spread the report that the ground below was mined. This so completely imposed upon the enemy that they sent in a protest against such extensive mining as unfair.

The whole history of the siege is full of such resourcefulness; he met and conquered every difficulty by some new and surprising method; he had his hand on everything everywhere; and the best picture drawn of him throughout the siege is on the lookout tower which he built upon the headquarters of the garrison, and whence he controlled the Mafeking defense like a captain from the bridge of his ship.

It was his custom to spend the day here, closely watching the Boer manœuvres, and shouting his orders down the speaking tube to the bomb-proof basement, whence they were telephoned to any threatened point of the outworks. He was thus able, as an eye-witness put it, "to turn the tap on any portion of the defenses." All through that trying time he kept up the spirits of his people and encouraged them, when not fighting, to enjoy themselves.

Concerts, balls, tournaments and cricket matches followed each other constantly, and once a young Boer commandant, Eloff, sent a message asking if the Boers might participate, as they found it dull outside. "B.-P.'s" answer was characteristic. He told them that the great match in progress must be played out first and as his side had scored "200 not out" he suggested there should be a change of bowling. This was of a piece with his scornful reminder quite early in the siege that they would "never take the place by sitting down and looking at it."

Such an undefeated sportsman was just the man to perform a feat which would have been impossible to any one else. Nor, we may be sure, will this be the last great service he will render to his country. If his life be spared he will add fresh laurels to a name which already stands high in the English military world.

After the Stormy Weather

By Frank L. Stanton

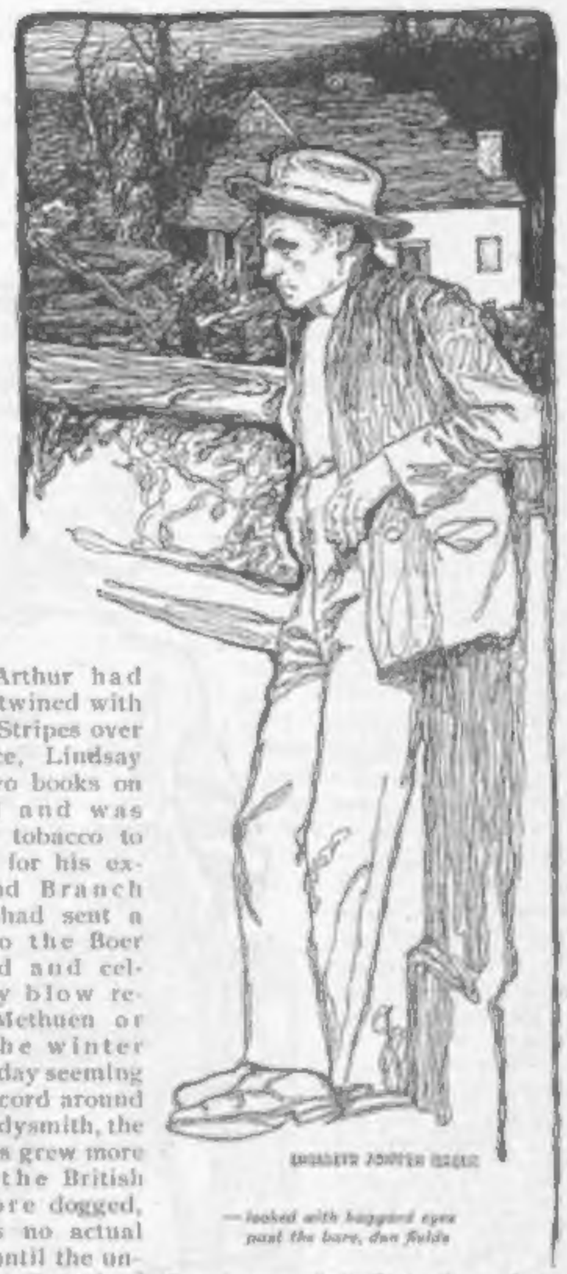
IT'S after the stormy weather—camp's still and the fighting done;
And we're closer—thank God!—together, in the joy o' the battles won.
Under the flag united—friendly as friends may be—
The man who marched with Sherman and the man who followed Lee.

It's after the stormy weather. See now where the skies bend blue,
And light the stars of the flag that waves splendidly over you!
The battle-thunders have died away—the folds of the flag float free,
And fainter now are the echoes of the guns from over sea.

After the stormy weather! Peace on the plains and hills:
No crimson drops on the daisies, no red on the rippled rills.
Only one thought for the country: "Waves the flag from shore to shore;
Wrongs righted, and, love-united, we are brothers forevermore!"

One thought! Let the sea-winds wing it over the echoing deep!
One thought! Let the rivers sing it where the dreaming valleys sleep!
Thrilled to the stars in music: after the rough ways trod,
We are all at home in the country under the smile of God.

THE GREAT BOER WAR AT FRANCIS' STORE—*By* Octave Thanet



—looked with haggard eyes past the bare, dun fields

WHEN the Boer War struck our part of Arkansas it turned a deep furrow. Not the Spanish War itself, with the boats steaming up the river, affare with the flag (of which until that time a very little went a long way!), and more firecrackers sold on the Fourth of July than at Christmas, and Elder Loomis preaching on the Philippians—meaning not the receivers of the Apostle's epistle, but our new colonies—had so moved our passions. For one thing, we were all agreed about the Spanish War. To be sure, some of us esteemed the Cubans to be white-souled patriots, and some of us to be dogs; but the second the fighting began, we were shoulder to shoulder; while as to the Boers we had a little—or big—war of our own.

And it grew out of taking newspapers. It is not usual for our citizens to take the daily papers. Colonel Francis and Mrs. Caroll, who own the big plantation on the river, squander their money for yesterday's news from Chicago and to-day's from St. Louis; but a bold yeomanry, their country's pride, which once destroyed can never be supplied, get on very well with a weekly Republic or Globe-Democrat and the "good old Clarion" which helps us to all the local happenings, from 'Squire Malley's barn-building to the Widow Bunyan's third courtship. Now, however, so keen waxed the interest that a club of five was started, subscribing for a St. Louis paper, which reached us by the daily mail rider on the noon after its issue. The rule of the club was that its members should carry the paper home, in turn, leaving it at the plantation store (which, of course, has the post-office) until sundown, thus permitting each member to get the fresh news. By degrees the club fell into a habit of leaving the paper in the custody of Gus Coleman, the head clerk, until evening. About seven, the club would gather and listen to Captain Rufe Branch, a well-educated man, graduate of a college in Kentucky and "a perfect gentleman," who read aloud the long columns of meagre news and copious expert guessing. Then would follow animated discussion until Gus would mention that the Colonel would be 'round early next morning and he hadn't yet posted the petit ledger.

As the excitement grew, the club often came to the store in some force during the afternoon. The club members were:

I. Captain Rufus Branch, whose title was won doubly, in the Confederate Army and on the deck of a Black River steamboat; now retired on his second wife's fine farm, two miles beyond the plantation.

II. Captain Henry Jacob Snow, of Snow's Mill, across the river; born in New England, but settled in Arkansas ever since the Civil War; called Captain on the two excellent grounds that he had been a soldier in the Federal Army (although but a lad who carried a musket instead of a sword) and that he was a citizen of substance and mark.

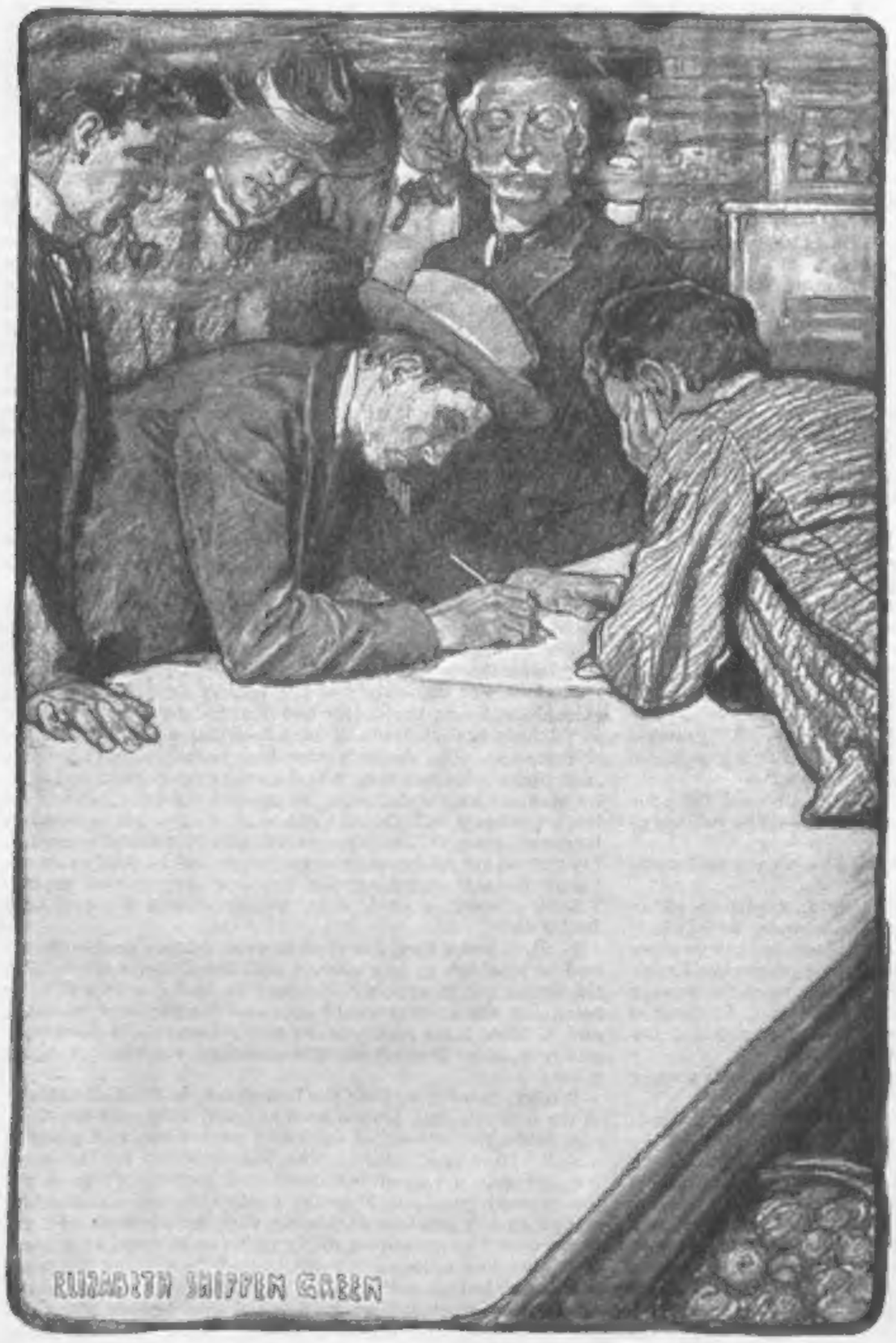
III. Walter Lindsay, the farm-boss, a young Kentuckian, whose father was of good family and good estate, but who died before he was forty, only leaving his children his debts and the reputation of being the boldest poker player in the Kentucky Legislature. Walter was willing to do anything to increase the checks that he sent every month to a certain little Kentucky town; and had made so successful a manager that there was a rumor to the effect that his valuable services would be riveted to the estate, by and by, with a partnership.

IV. Mr. Timothy Redman, a large farmer of the neighborhood.

V. Doctor Phil McArthur, the best doctor in the county.

When the war began the club was without settled opinions, except in the case of Redman, who had never heard of the Boers, but was certain that whatever the British did was wrong. Otherwise the members were dubious inquirers. The doctor, by right of taking two secular magazines and a medical light bearer, was the man of most knowledge. He knew that *something* had happened at Majuba Hill; and—give him time—he could pick out the Transvaal on the map. Walter Lindsay had once read an article in the newspaper, recounting the romantic history of Cecil Rhodes; and Walter considered Rhodes "a mighty smart man." Snow's eldest daughter had read The Story of an African Farm and he had a vague notion that the Boers were "sorter rough on brute beasts and didn't treat the niggers half-way decent," but he was not sure enough of his ground to speak of it, while he remembered the Alabama and Bunker Hill. As for Branch, his first impression that the Boers were a savage tribe was soon dissipated; but otherwise his mind was a virgin page. He was, however, free to confess that he inclined to "folks that talked English."

Both men signed their names



But tell me how is fancy bred, in the heart or in the head? Before the first month of the war—and the discussion of it—was over Snow was remembering how the English "stood the other fellows off in the Spanish War," the doctor was muttering that anyhow blood was thicker than water, Lindsay was wild over the futile heroism of the English soldiers, while in the very first skirmish of wits Branch had come to Redman's aid—not from either knowledge or opinions (he was reckless of both) but because he never forgot how Redman had found him one night in the swamp where his horse and jug had thrown him, carried him home (Redman being a secure bachelor with an incurious negro couple to tend the house), warmed and dosed him and purged him of drink, and then restored him to his wife the next morning in such good semblance of innocence that she never counted that night against him. Surely the least a gentleman could do for such relief was to throw a word for a friend in argument. How was he to guess that his old friend, McArthur, was going to get so fiery over the fool thing? But as is usual their own eloquence convinced the disputants mightily. More or less the shifting audience of the store joined in the discussion, which grew hotter every day. By February, McArthur had a Union Jack twined with the Stars and Stripes over his mantelpiece, Lindsay had bought two books on the Transvaal and was going without tobacco to make amends for his extravagance, and Branch and Redman had sent a contribution to the Boer Relief Fund and celebrated every blow received by Methuen or Buller. As the winter wore on, each day seeming to tighten the cord around the neck of Ladysmith, the Boer supporters grew more exultant and the British contingent more dogged, but there was no actual bitter feeling until the unlucky day that Branch declared to a full Saturday afternoon crowd that Ladysmith would fall inside of two weeks.

"They admit it themselves," he bawled, flourishing the roll of the newspaper at Snow, who puffed hard on his stogie but was silent. "Look at their own experts' opinion! They've trapped 'em, that's what they have; and they've got a simply impregnable line of fortification. The English will throw themselves against it only to be slaughtered; it's just an appalling waste of human life, that's what it is, sir!"

"I'll bet you, all the same, that Ladysmith doesn't surrender; and that the English will relieve it." It was young Lindsay speaking; and the youthful assertion of his tone made Branch's nerves tingle—Branch, after weeks of abstinence, had taken "only one drink" that afternoon. "How much will you bet?" he sneered.

"Anything you like."

"Well, I don't feel quite right to bet on a certainty, but I should like to lay a thousand dollars to a hundred."

The crowd vibrated with interest. Most likely this was only big talk, but it was thrilling. The flush drifted out of Lindsay's cheeks as he answered in a lower but very steady voice:

"I haven't got a thousand dollars, but I have three hundred and forty in the Cherryvale Bank and a rifle and a horse; I'll bet the whole that the Boers never get into Ladysmith except as prisoners."

"Oh, quit your funning and bragging," interrupted Snow testily. "Blame it all, it's none of our funeral. I don't know what the Boers have ever done for you, Rufe, that you want to risk a thousand dollars on 'em!"

"I am not *risking* it!" retorted Branch with dignity.

"——Nor what special claims the English have on you, Lindsay. What's the use of this blowing? If you want to bet, bet something possible and decent, like you wheeling Lindsay or him wheeling you in a barrer, and hiring the coon band for music; that would give us all pleasure and the band profit."

"I'm not betting any nonsense," snapped Branch.

"At least you'd be betting what you could pay, betting and not blowing," said Snow. Branch was in the humor to resent the grin that responded to this speech, and he answered with a sneer: "Maybe Lindsay is betting to hear himself talk, but *I* mean business and my bet is open to him or to any other gentleman."

No other gentleman appeared anxious to take the bet; Walter, however, took fire at once. "I don't rue back," said he quietly—but there was a spark in his eye—"I'm sick of all this bluster and brag. I will bet my three hundred and forty, my horse and rifle against five hundred dollars; that's even. I don't want odds. Captain Snow, you draw up the bet, and I'll deposit a check on the bank and my book and a deed of gift for the horse and rifle."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, and you're a fool to want me to," said Snow bluntly.

"I don't mind making it two to one, eight hundred to four," said Branch with an easy air.

"I tell you I won't touch such nonsense. And you haven't got it, either."

"I suppose 140 head of cattle's good for a thousand dollars, ain't it?" swaggered Branch.

"Your wife won't let you put up no 140 head of cattle," cried the well-meaning peacemaker, blundering into

Branch's most sensitive spot and floundering as he saw the flash in the Kentuckian's eye.

"The cattle are in my name and I'll put 'em up," said Branch. "*I'm* in earnest; I don't know about other folks."

"You're no more in earnest than I am; and you'll lose every dollar, so I won't take odds." Lindsay spoke between his teeth, and reached out for a blotting pad as he finished.

"Sir," said he in his most impressive manner, "you are insulting as well as mistaken."

The motley assemblage of black and white faces pressed closer while Coleman registered the bet. Snow frowned, but saw no chance to interfere. Both men signed their names. Just as Lindsay stepped back, the doctor and Redman came into the room. The doctor's greatcoat was open, the pockets bulging as usual (Branch used to complain that Phil not only doctored people free but supplied them with medicine), while his boots and his genial face were speckled with mud.

"What's up?" he called cheerily. "How's Buller? Still advancing?"

"No, he's got it in the neck again," said Snow, "and Branch has just bet a thousand dollars to Lindsay's five hundred that Ladysmith will fall."

"Of course she'll fall," cried Redman, "and serve her right! But say, now, you are joking. Call it cents, boys, and we'll have barrels of fun."

"We have bet five hundred dollars—even," said Lindsay.

"Good Lord, what possessed you?" groaned the doctor; "does your wife know?" He cast a glance of friendly anxiety at Branch, who stiffened at the word. "Mistress Branch," said he coldly, "attends to her domestic duties, in which she has no interference from me, sir; and I expect none from her in my affairs, sir. The bet is made—unless my young friend wishes——"

He directed a pompous glance at Lindsay. There was a furtive appeal beneath the swagger of his manner; but Walter heard only the loud tone, he saw only the eager faces of his audience; and he was a young man.

"The bet is made," said he curtly.

"Walter," snapped the doctor, "you're a young fool! And Rufe, you're an old one, so there's a pair of you!"

Walter's reply was a grim nod, as he said: "Good-evening, gentlemen," and brushed off. Branch held his ground, very deliberately lighting a stogie.

"Pshaw, let 'em cool off, let 'em cool," advised Snow to both the doctor and Redman; "wait till to-morrow."

"Sure you're right there; it ain't decint betting such great sums between friends," agreed the Irishman.

"She'll take the roof off his head if she has to pay that money," muttered the doctor. "Good gracious, he must have been drinking again; and he promised me——"

He sighed, and looked at Branch's flushed features. "It's dreadful," he muttered. He knew he was rash to approach the Kentuckian at this moment, but he was impetuous, as his wife (dead these twenty years and mourned so truly that he was a widower still) used to say, and when his feelings were touched he was blind to consequences. He took two steps to Branch. "I want a word with you," he said. It was said a shade too imperiously, in the autocratic medical tone that had quarantined smallpox cases and regulated the diet of patients. Branch's florid skin reddened more darkly. Nevertheless, he rose (he was sitting) and withdrew a few paces into the office.

Before he could get his own irritation well in hand the doctor began. "Say, Rufus, you haven't taken anything to-day, have you?"

"If you mean to imply, Doctor McArthur, that I am intoxicated——"

"Not at all, but you know whiskey puts a reckless devil into you, first whiff of it; and *this* is madness!"

"It may be madness for Lindsay; it is nothing of the kind for me. I tell you it is a sure thing. The English are outclassed, sir, they are virtually defeated——"

"They are nothing of the kind; they haven't begun to fight; we Anglo-Saxons always begin with a lot of bumptious blundering, then we get our mad up and settle down to business after our first knockdown. You wait till that little fellow and his big side-partner who's to run the business end get to work, and you'll see they'll spring surprises. That money's gone!"

"Is it? You are so certain, what will you bet yourself? Will you bet a walk around the Square, singing the Boer folks raid—with their flag a-flying?"

"No, I won't. I won't even bet I'll walk after their flag. They are dirty, pious——"

"Stop just there, sir!" cried Branch sternly. "I'm not; but I respect those things. The way you talk is sacrilegious, sir. Oom Paul——"

"Um Paul, sir, told a respectable delegation of Weetlanders, English and Americans that the only difference he recognized in foreigners was that some were bad dogs that he knew how to thrash into subjection, and some were good dogs that he would allow to lick his boots. To which class do you fellows belong?"

"I've heard that lie before; I don't believe it ever happened; anyhow, most of those fellows are simply bloated, greedy, heartless capitalists who made this war for their own purposes and now won't fight——"

"They *will* fight! Cecil Rhodes, sir, has a regiment of them fighting, *now!* And before you know it he'll be out of Kimberley, and the Boers will be retreating; and where'll you be, betting more than you can pay? Ladysmith will be relieved——"

"Yes, very much relieved, I grant you that, sir; the Johnny Bulls themselves will be glad of a full meal though they have to take it from the Boers. Why, read the paper, man!"

"But just look at the situation," again began the doctor.

"Look at the situation yourself," cried Branch. He began to explain, pounding the news of the day into the doctor's disgusted soul; growing more excited and more dogmatic with each interjection of scorn, until presently, purple in the face, he was swinging his fists; and the doctor's unwise appeals to remember how angry his wife would be brought out a furious declaration that he was master in his own house and that he would not give—well, something not worth mentioning and much better not mentioned—for what Mistress Branch thought of his wager.

"You *have* been drinking," muttered the doctor.

"You're just trying to faze me, sir, trying to save the money of your young friend; you're scared yourself, sir; you know my money's safe, but you make out like you're afraid for me when it's him you want to protect; I will not withdraw, sir; I will *not!*"

"You needn't holler like Wild Bill if you won't," growled the doctor; "as for Walter, he's another headstrong jack and I 'most wish you could both lose your money."

"I'm obliged, I'm sure, sir; I am also obliged for your insinuations that I broke the promise I made to you not to drink before Christmas——"

"Have you the nerve to tell me you haven't touched whiskey this day?"

Branch drew himself to his full height, a picture of an old-fashioned Southern gentleman in his neat, tightly-buttoned black frock-coat, his gray curls long enough to show well under the soft black hat, his gray mustache twisted carefully at the ends. "Sir," said he in his most impressive manner, "you are insulting as well as mistaken. I promised you not to drink; I have kept my word, sir; I did not promise you not to take a drink——"

"Where is the differ?" jeered the doctor, losing his temper and his grammar in a breath.

"The difference, sir,"—Branch's dignity became solemn; he made a slow, rhythmic gesture with his right hand—"the difference, sir, is that drinking is plural; while taking a drink is of necessity, and as its form denotes, singular, and it is in plurality, whether of wives or debts or drinks, there is peril. No man ever filled a drunkard's grave on *one* drink!" His oratund tones reached the crowd without, and there were exclamations of admiration and assent, as well as the impartial interest expressed in "Well, *sir!*" "Sir," concluded Branch, "I have *not* been drinking, I have merely taken *a* drink."

"It must have been a whale, then, your one drink, or you would see what a fool you have made of yourself. Look a-here, will you leave it to Mrs. Branch and give me leave to talk to Walter and get him to cry off, if *she*——"

"I will leave nothing outside her house and her chickens to Mrs. Branch, sir. I stand much from my friends, sir; you have as much as called me a liar, sir; I shot a man once for less than that, sir; but for the sake of old friendship I stood it from you. Now, sir, I give you notice, since you think so lightly of my promise, that I take it all back. You think I'm afraid of my wife, sir; I'll show you how much afraid I am. If you want your young friend to rue back, go to him. I stick to my bet. I bid you good-evening, sir."

Branch lifted his hat and departed with such majesty of mien that it was a pity he stumbled over the mat, especially since the accident was seized by a discordant little imp in the doctor's soul to incite a perfectly audible sneer: "*One* drink! By gum!"

Therefore one of the two old friends rode away with fury and folly and a devilish, half-sated appetite on horseback with him, and the other hardened his heart in his anger. "I was a fool to think he would keep his word," said the doctor to Redman; "if it hadn't been this excuse it would have been some other. But I'm done wasting my time on him."

"Best let 'em cool," says Snow, shaking his wise head; "let 'em cool!" Which was somehow not cooling to the doctor, who shut his jaws with a snap and shouldered his way out of the store, quite forgetting that his niece who kept his house was wanting flour and he was to get it. Indeed, he rode two miles, so great was his disorder of spirit, before he remembered it; and then he returned to the store, more exasperated than before with Rufus Branch.

Neither Snow nor Redman was in the office, for which there was a good reason, because the amiable Irishman had proposed that they ride after Branch and divert his mind enough to keep him away from the Cherryvale saloons. As it happened they suspected the wrong place. They did not overtake Branch, who went to a farther village and that evening came home so bravely tipsy that he feared not the face of man—or woman. Meanwhile, unhappily, Walter had come back to the store, it being his turn to reclaim the paper; and it was ordered that the doctor, in the mood of a man who has only half vented his temper, should encounter a young fellow as irritable as a man must be who has made a fool of himself and begins to count the consequences. There was no one to warn the two men to keep apart, even had such a warning any chance of being heeded.

The doctor fell upon Walter, informing him that his money was "as good as gone." By this time he had lost his faith in the English arms, and doubt became an ireful certainty under Walter's sulky denial. He stormed at Walter with every disheartening item in the day's news (as repeated by Branch); he was sure that Roberts and Kitchener would come too late; the art of war, he asserted dismally, had been entirely changed and none of the military experts knew where they were at; all was, the Boers could shoot and dig and the British couldn't, and the Boers could fortify *anything;* and what chance was there of Buller's getting to Ladysmith! Oh, he thought, in the end the English would lick the ornery, bragging tykes, but it would be too late for Ladysmith—and what good would it do Walter? He'd lose his money; wasn't it the money he'd been slaving and saving to get for eighteen months, going without decent clothes and bookkeeping nights to earn a little extra, so's to get enough for the first payment on the house? And wouldn't it cut his sister who was slaving herself in a school, poor girl—cut her to the heart to lose that money? And wasn't there an old aunt that had been like Walter's mother?—reckoned she'd feel bad, too! By this time Walter was grinding his teeth and squirming. "Say, Walter, best jest go to Branch and beg off——"

"I'm —— if I will!" Walter volleyed, and bit worse back from his trembling lips. His black brows met over his smouldering eyes.

"Oh, very well, very well," says the doctor; "I only spoke as a friend." So these two, also, parted on bad terms.

Walter's rage vanished before the doctor's horse had cantered over the brow of the brake. He looked at the stooping shoulders and the skirts of the shabby coat blowing, and remembered how the doctor had watched by him, one night, in the only bad sickness of his life—that mean night of the pneumonia. The doctor's face had looked mighty good to him, and the ice he brought had tasted mighty good and cool; he was an ungrateful idiot to mad the doctor; didn't he know perfectly well that the old man always got cross when he grew anxious? And it was all true that the doctor said. He had let out all his worries that night and he dimly remembered himself clutching the doctor's sleeve and crying: "Look a-here! I *can't* die! Whatever will Sis and Aunt Becky do?"

Well, it was a fact, his clothes were mighty poor-looking; and he wouldn't go to a concert with the doctor's niece, after the doctor got tickets, too, because he hadn't a coat fit to be seen; but the clothes could wait and the payment couldn't, and if Miss Lucy reckoned he was stingy, she'd have to—and now, to go through all that and fling the whole away in a *bet!*

Walter, leaning against the fence post, in the dull twilight of the winter's day, looked with haggard eyes past the bare, dun fields to the wall of oaks and gum trees, and groaned aloud. He was all alone. The last rider had left the store, the last cotton wagon had lumbered homeward; from the low-browed houses dotting the fields little spirals of white smoke curled into the darkening sky, the windows of "the big houses" shone with a ruddy glow, as in room after room the lights sprung up; and as he looked, he saw not the scene before him but an old mansion in a Kentucky village, at the turn of the street, lifting its patched and forlorn portico in the shadow of the elms; a shabby house, too big to be

painted, with the shutters drawn over more than one window that cried for glass, yet not neglected, patched roughly but carefully by his own arms and his sister's. He could see his aunt, who had left all her patrimony in her brother's care and lost it, yet never would hear a word against him. The house had been Aunt Becky's, but it went and for years they had rented it; now, in the decrepitude of the town and its own decay, Walter and his sister were buying it back. He saw the lamps lighted; that was always Aunt Becky's task, helped by the youngest boy, while Carroll, who was fifteen, chopped the wood and filled the boxes. They had to be a little careful about wood; there wasn't any need of thinning the trees in the old woodland now. But Aunt Becky would have a fire in the fireplace for Sis when she got home from school, and the lamp would be on the table shining up at the oil portraits of Walter's parents in their early married life, and on the table (always with a flower before it or at least a bit of green Wandering Jew from Sis' plants) would be the little gold frame and the sweet, tired face in its widow's cap which had been there for ten years, ever since the mother escaped from her troubles.

Aunt Becky would be sitting as near the lamp as she could get, with the big basket of sewing. Aunt Becky had been a beauty and a belle who had ravaged three counties. Now she was only a little gray spinster with a fine manner. Every Decoration Day the family stripped the gardens, and the choicest flowers went to the tall, white shaft where the hero of the county (who was Aunt Becky's hero also) rested after his battles. Walter could see the old-fashioned diamond flashing on his aunt's still pretty hand as her fingers moved in the lamplight. Then he saw his sister, ten years older than he (and so pretty the loyal brother thought), come in, always smiling and cheerful, no matter how wearisome had been her day, and she would go gayly out to help get the supper. To-day she would have his last letter in her pocket telling her that he would send the payment money sure.

Again Walter groaned. What madness had seized him, to make him risk that money? He could not understand it. Youth seldom dreads temptation, and never comprehends it. Of course Walter knew that the Lindsays were born gamblers and too obstinate to be lucky. Walter's grandfather had inherited a great estate, but, thanks to horses, he left a moderate one, which his son lost at cards. One great-uncle had been killed in a duel over a bet; another had killed his man; a third Lindsay, after losing his last dollar and his sweetheart, had been seen to throw dice with himself. As he bent over the cubes he was heard to laugh and cry out: "Again, by ———!" He swept the dice into his pocket, bowed to the company, went home and sent a bullet into his heart. Walter thought that he could understand just how he felt. Walter had promised his mother, before she died, that he would never play cards for money or bet on a horse. Of his own motion he had added craps and wheels of fortune to the black list. Never was there a young man with staider habits. Even Aunt Becky had ceased to worry about Walter and had dropped the danger out of her prayers, putting Carroll in his stead, because he had been discovered with bulging pockets obtained by playing marbles "for keeps."

"Now, I'm as bad as any of 'em," poor Walter groaned. "I always knew I wasn't smart; but I did believe I was steady; the worst is, if the old man gets on to it—and he gets on to everything—he'll change his mind about me, too; and it is *such* a chance! I wish somebody would tie me up and wallop me!"

But it never occurred to Walter that he might even yet retreat from his danger. "The folks wouldn't want me to if they knew," he did say to himself, once, nor was he mistaken. The women were Lindsays as well as he.

He had no ill feeling for his opponent. On the contrary, in his abasement, he added the getting of Branch (who was a mighty kind, pleasant gentleman, and from Kentucky, too) into trouble to the rest of his sins; and he promised Heaven solemnly, in case he escaped with that money, and the horse that he had raised from a colt given over to die, and the rifle that had belonged to his uncle, that he wouldn't touch one cent of Branch's money. No, he would not! And he never in this world would bet again! He was scared at the power of the old instinct, scared as he had never been in his life. He felt humbled to the dust. Yes, he had been too scornful about poor old Captain Rufe's weakness.

He wished he hadn't laughed when Coleman told that story. The story, be it repeated in confidence, was to the effect that on one painful occasion of temptation and fall, and no Irish Samaritan to the rescue, Mrs. Branch, who was reforming her third husband with a firm hand, had used the time-honored Arkansas remedy and sewed the unfortunate man up between the sheets of his own bed; and, next morning, had administered the terrors of the law herself. Branch vehemently denied that she had done any more than "talk" to him; but he admitted the talking to have been of a scorching nature, whereas Coleman whispered: "Some says she give him the bud, and some says 'twas a slipper she took; anyhow, she chastised him right sha'ply!" And Branch's reform was visible.

It was mean to have tempted the old man into another broil with her, for she was pretty decent to him when he was behaving. Oh, it was all mean, and Walter saw no way out. Thus he cudgeled himself, as he walked back reluctantly to his boarding-house. The Widow Willers keeps the plantation boarding-house. The Widow Willers, Mrs. Willy Willers—Willy being her own Christian name, not her late husband's—is a worthy woman who is daily lifting the good name of Arkansas out of the mire by the excellence of her little tavern. She is likewise rearing five adopted children to keep the Commandments.

The Widow (she is usually thus named in our community, being thus signalized because she is the only widow who has married but once) has no political or international prejudices, as befits a landlady. She has a lithograph of Mr. Bryan's handsome features in the dining-room and a florid picture of Mr. Cleveland in the hall, opposite a large profile of Mr. McKinley; and all the military and naval heroes of the Spanish War are draped brilliantly in flags above the fireplace. From the same judicial motives she subscribed generously to both English and Boer "chains," and celebrated victories on either side with egg custard and sponge cake.

The Widow Willy was stepping briskly, for a person of her weight, across the gallery as Walter plodded down the garden path between the withered "beard's grass" and sunflowers. She nodded cheerfully, blinking over her glasses at the newspaper in his pocket, and asked him what was the news.

"Bad," said Walter; "Buller's fallen back."

"They ain't give up Spine Koop?"

"Yes, they've retreated after losing a lot of men. They are keeping back the news in London; I reckon it's pretty bad." How different was Walter's tone from the accents of confident scorn with which he had repelled boarders in the store a few hours ago!

"My land!" sympathized the Widow Willy; "ain't it too bad? Heap killed up, I expect?"

"Yes, ma'am, heavy loss."

"Well, *sir!* I never *did* see such a funny war as this. I'm awful sorry you didn't get better news. Come in and have supper. I got fresh light-bread for you-all."

Thus would she have comforted the young man. But she shook her head as he walked away for she had already heard the story. She promptly hushed any discussion at table. "I don't like talkin' 'bout distressful things when I'm eatin'," said she cheerfully.

The following morning in a casual way she told Walter that Redman had passed and that he seemed "anxious-like regarding of Captain Branch; Captain hadn't come to the store as he had promised; he did hear Captain was drinking again; it was an awful pity."

Walter agreed briefly that it was a pity.

The Widow Willy hoped it wasn't on account of him beginning to drink that Captain had made such a big bet.

"He was sober enough yesterday," said Walter.

The Widow didn't want to interfere, but wasn't there any way of both parties backing down out of a bet?

Walter stiffened; just because he was sick with panic over his folly he would not retreat a jot. He did not think there was any way out of a bet for gentlemen, he said; and he asked the Widow whether she thought woodbine or privet made the best hedge.

Again did the Widow shake her head. During the following week her head was shaken many times for certainly the turmoil in our little community was great. The controversy raged with almost the violent bitterness of a church feud; indeed, Sunday-school, that very day of her speaking, was broken up by the loud wails of an ardent little supporter of Walter and the English, of a spirit too big for his muscles, who had engaged in combat with two boys, signers of the school children's address to President Kruger (circulated by Branch and Redman, and accompanied with kind words and stick candy), and had been worsted in the fight. His mother hurried out to the rescue. When she beheld his bleeding nose and torn best shirt-waist her wrath was sore; she cuffed the two Boer boys, who in turn appealed to a higher court and demanded arbitration; whence there were three women wrangling furiously, and three men (two husbands and one preacher) trying to make peace.

Incidentally hard things were said of Branch: "An old gray-haired man that ought to have known his duty better'n to take advantage of a pore boy, madding him and gitting his last cent away from him, and it was to be hoped his wife would chastise him well for it, it was so!"—as well as of Lindsay: "A biggity Kentucky feller, always putting on dog, who reckoned he could skeer Captain Rufe, knowing as he didn't dast call his soul his own with his wife. Now he'd lose his money, and serve him right!"

The preacher's well-meaning mediation only added another kind of firebrand, since he unwisely appealed to the Baptist sister as a Methodist, and alluded to a late season of heartburning in the neighboring church of Footwashing Baptists in the terms which it deserved, perhaps, but which could not please *her*, and besought her not to bring a like reproach on the Methodist name. Naturally, the stricken sister demanded whether that was kind and Christian and proper talk about folks as good as he was, when it was supposed he was preaching to a Union parish, if they *were* under the Methodist elder, just to be friendly and make it easy; and she indignantly withdrew her husband's support and her own promised "big Brammer rooster." The preacher had the mortification of seeing the large white fowl (she had brought it with her to give that morning) crowing jubilantly in the back of the wagon as the sister and her husband and their mules shook the dust of the place from their feet.

After this, there fell more trouble and differences about the pastor; fresh oil to feed a spreading flame. Branch and Lindsay, of course, heard of their friends' comments, and that did not make for peace either. Branch was not seen in the store for two days; when he did appear he was pale, dignified to austerity; and declined any discussion of the wager. He should pay if he lost; but he did not expect to lose. There were winks and waggings of the head behind Branch's back, but neither to him nor to his friends did the merry gossips venture any jokes. Branch was more vigorous against the British than before, and the doctor was full of sarcasm in regard to experts. Redman grew daily more anxious and held conferences with Snow before the others arrived, proposing fresh schemes for bringing peace, each one more impractical than the others.

"But, mind ye," said he, "don't mix up with Branch on the subject; 'tis a red rag to a bull for the poor man; and don't let your good lady part lips with herself, neither; I tried it meself—no sir, no, not a word, she didn't speak a word, 'twas only the look in her eyes—d'ye mind the eyes of her? There's a rid spark in 'em like her hair. Says I, 'Aisy, Tim, aisy; her man's gone drinkin' again, and the woman's disthracted; she's fair crazy, hair-pulling crazy; git home and praise the saints ye niver intered the howly eshtate of matrimony;' for ye see, Captain, the two young ladies that I was wanting to marry me, the both had most beautiful rid hair. So I wint home contint. 'Tis better to sup alone than wid sorrer,' says Tim Redman." Whenever Redman grew

She rose and turned full on the Kentuckian

excited he returned to the disused brogue of his youth; he had a rich accent these days.

Snow agreed that it was best not to appeal to Branch directly. As to Mrs. Branch, she seldom came to the store, but managed her large farm in person, scorning delights and living laborious days. All Branch's friends held her in awe, even Snow, who, as being happily wed to a woman who permitted smoking in any part of the house, was considered to be gifted in his dealings with the sex. They did not so much as know, now, whether Emeline Branch had learned of the wager.

"I don't like talkin' 'bout distressful things when I'm eatin'," said she cheerfully

Meanwhile Walter came to the store to read the paper when the other members of the club were not there. On the two occasions of his encountering Branch he was carefully civil and haughty—his youthful notion of the conduct of a self-respecting loser. Loser, each day's reading made him surer he would be. He had composed four letters to his sister, confessing, explaining, justifying, recklessly and wretchedly and baldly giving her the facts; all of which he tore up in disgust when he read them over. He ate so little that the Widow's feelings as a landlady were touched. It shows the breadth of her nature that she could restrain her dismay from speech.

Branch was more than civil to Walter; he was condescending. His coldness he reserved for the doctor. His old friend and comrade he held had insulted him, and he informed the doctor, before Snow, that until he should apologize for his insinuations he wished no intercourse with him. Yet they had been like brothers for fifteen years. "But there are some things, sir, one man hasn't got the right to say to another, sir!" cried Branch.

The doctor was not so fiery; he turned his gaze, his cool, shrewd, melancholy, medical gaze on Branch's pallid features and tremulous hand in the air: "I'm sorry if I made you mad, Rufe," said he, "but I don't see what I've got to retract. You had ought to take some strychnine pills."

Branch turned angrily on his heel. He rode home alone. He lived only a mile beyond the doctor's, and they were used to ride together. Now, he rode alone. He would not ride in any other company. Under his jaunty mask he burned with shame, for he felt that he had been held up to ridicule as a man afraid of his wife; he had been shamed openly. He went to the length of riding ten miles to consult Doctor Burns, the medical student from the North whom McArthur was known to hate beyond all professional limits, and had his prescriptions put up in the store before McArthur's eyes. McArthur did not say a word; a sure sign with him, testy and kindly as he was, that he had been hurt.

Altogether, matters were drifting from bad to worse. Saturday came again. Colonel Francis was expected home after a ten days' absence, and the rumor went around that he was likely to be none too well pleased by the betting. There was to be no preaching at the schoolhouse, as an unknown mischief-maker had broken three windows, making altogether too free ventilation for winter and a stove past its first youth. Gus Coleman's wife had quarreled with the engineer's wife, who had been born in Canada; and the boy went about with his eye in brown paper after an argument with another boy. Assertion: "The Boers can lick the English; my father can lick yours; I can lick you, anyhow!"

Such was the situation when the club met. Each member of the club had received a note, not so well spelled as the school-teacher would have liked, requesting him to be present at the hour named. The reason given was, "A Lady wants to talk to you." Every man except Branch believed that the "Lady" would be Mrs. Branch. Every man's mind vibrated between an excited curiosity and a vague terror. Branch did not expect to see his wife, because she had gone to bed with a chill, and she was not a person of deceits; she knew her mind, as she truly said, and spoke it. But Redman compared his note with Snow's and Walter's and, later, the doctor's, auguring several kinds of disaster.

"I don't know what she ain't proposing to do to the poor fellow," said he darkly; "maybe she's going to apply for a divorce before us all; Colonel Francis is a justice. And she kinder wants witnesses. She's a terrible woman; and 'tis a murtherous shame to have him shamed before the whole counthry!"

Redman sorrowed that he could not take counsel with the Widow, as she had a fair head on her; but he had lent her his own horses and buggy the day, to go see a sick lady; "But niver moind, byes, we'll stand by him," concluded he, taking heart again, "and if there's a divorce she'd ought to give him a bit of alimony—whist! 'tis himself coming now."

Walter was leaning against the counter; mechanically he lifted his hat. He did not join in the greetings; he listened to Branch's florid cheerfulness with a sick wonder; he had barely glanced over the doctor's shoulder at the paper, saying: "More bad news for us, I expect," and heard the doctor's reply: "Oh, well, we mustn't give up; all ain't lost even if Ladysmith has to fall."

"All is lost for me," thought Walter. "Poor Sis, she trusted me so! I dare say I'll lose my job, too; the old man's down on gambling; then I will be in a nice fix. I wonder if Mrs. Branch would hire me as a farm-hand."

He smiled bitterly and turned away from the doctor, who had remembered how little comfort was in his speech and was about to adventure another; but he did not; he saw the misery in the young fellow's face and was silent. "I can't comfort him," he thought.

Then he looked at Branch. His own thoughts darkened his face. Suddenly Redman prodded his ribs, gasping: "Will ye look! Herself—and the Widdy wid her!"

Instinctively the club glued its eyes on the redoubtable little figure that followed the Widow into the store. Walter had run out too late to help the women alight, but he took Redman's grays and saw to tying them. He had less curiosity than the others; his heart felt like a lump of ice. Almost listlessly he went back to the store. Branch had proffered his wife a chair. His color turned, but he bore himself with fictitious calm. Mrs. Branch took the chair. She was a small woman, still pretty in her best black gown and her new hat with feathers and roses. The sunlight glinted on her masses of waving red hair. Beside her stood the Widow, portly and fair, also in her gown of state and her best bonnet.

"Well, are you gentlemen all here?" said the Widow, in the clear pipe that was as good as the bell to call to meals; "I am, you see."

"Shall we not go into the—the—chamber beyond, where we can be more private, madam?" murmured Branch.

"Oh, I don't guess we need to"—the Widow abated no jot of voice—"the more folks hears the less will have to be told."

The long store was full; at this every one crowded forward with an appreciative grin. If the Widow were nervous there was no sign in her voice or in her amiable brown eyes, beaming through her spectacles. Mrs. Branch was equally quiet, but a flicker of red on her cheek and the tense grasp of her hands together hinted that the calm was not deep.

"Gentlemen," said the Widow, addressing the four men nearest her, "maybe you-all will 'low that what I'm goin' to say—and what she's goin' to say"—the interest of the crowd grew impressive—"ain't none of our business; a man's got a right to do whatsoever he pleases and it ain't the womenfolks' business; but I notice they all got to take the consequences jest the same. And I think they got a right to try to help the team out of the mire even if they didn't have nary to do with gettin' it in. Now ever' one of you-all knows how this settlement has been stirred up with this here Bore War; there's more quarrelin' and hateful feelin' and hard things bein' said and fool bettin' than I ever *did* see. Yet there ain't a man person here, let alone the women, that knows what all the fightin' is about or why they should be so terrible worked up over it. Here's Mist' Coleman; he didn't know where he was at till he found out Bryan was hollerin' for the Bores, then he begun hollerin', too; and minnit Cunnel Francis discovered the Democrats was for the Bores he was plumb agin 'em. Of course Mist' Redman" (she gave the accused a friendly nod) "couldn't help bein' for onybody fightin' the English. Preacher is for the English 'cause he says they're civilized; and Doctor's down on the Bores 'cause they're so religious. Cap'n Snow, he's down on 'em 'cause the British hollered for us in the Spanish War; I dunno why Cap'n Branch is for the Bores nor why Mist' Lindsay's agin 'em. One of my boarders is a great Bore man, 'cause they're a Republic like we-all, and another is down on them because they ain't reely a Republic at all, only a oily something that's awful. I know one feller is for 'em 'cause they shoot so well; he's a great feller to hunt; and several is for 'em 'cause of they're bein' so little a nation and England so big. Far's I see, however, nobody's for 'em or agin 'em according to the rights of the thing; and nobody knows a blessed thing about what they are onyhow. Nobody knows nothing certain about the folks or why they're fightin' or how they're goin' to turn out; ever'thing you read is so contradictious a body can't make head nor tail outer it. We-all don't even know how to speak their outlandish names that we're callin' so free—them *koop-jays* you all talk about, all you know is that whatever they are called they ain't called *that!* And as to how it's all goin' to happen, I've read what them *experts* think; and a body cayn't make no more sense outer it than outer a lot of sparrers cheepin'. And yet there's Christian folks will bet; and bet an awful heap of money on seech blind happenings. Now we, Miz

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Some Suggestions for College Men

By Timothy Dwight, Ex-President of Yale University

A COLLEGE graduate of forty or fifty years' standing, as he looks back to his undergraduate years and tries to call to his remembrance the daily life which he and his associates used to live, is liable, no doubt, to overestimate the better things that pertained to the old experience and to underestimate those of an opposite character. Not only does memory here, as everywhere, kindly lose out of itself what tends to make the vision of the past, and especially of youth, less beautiful, but the man of the later time, in accordance with what we may almost call a law of life's progress, forgets the changes that have taken place within himself; and, as related to his own history, he is prone to carry over to the earlier days the wisdom of the present.

When such a graduate, therefore, attempts to compare the old with the new, or to offer suggestions which, to his view, derive anything of their force from the comparison, he may well realize the possibility of error or mistaken judgment to which he is exposed; he may fitly give his advice or counsel to those who follow after him in their course at a long distance in a generous and fraternal way. Bearing these thoughts in mind, the writer of this article would ask the privilege of presenting a few words to his readers. He would desire to present them as a college man writing for college men, and particularly for college men who are in the later period of their academic career, and are, ere long, to enter upon the scenes and duties of maturer years.

Tendencies of the Elective System

Among the changes which have occurred in college life and education within the period mentioned, it will scarcely be doubted by any one that the introduction of the elective system as related to studies is one of the most striking and important. This system has established itself in greater or less measure and force everywhere, and it seems not impossible that the coming years may witness its development to the utmost limits—the old order of things giving way wholly and absolutely to the new. As to the wisdom and reasonableness of this change, or the question of the comparative advantages and disadvantages which are incident to it, in connection with the matter of fitting young men for their best and highest manhood, it does not fall within the purpose of the present paper to enter upon a discussion. The new system is with us, and we may consider it from different points of view, according to the demands of the hour.

Turning our thoughts to it after this manner, we may call attention to a single tendency or characteristic feature which it involves, and which can fitly be made an occasion for advice to those whose course of study is affected by it. It can hardly be questioned that the system has a specializing tendency—that its influence, as compared with the older arrangement of studies which preceded it, is toward a more definite, particular end, in this sense, limited education rather than one that is wider and, as the phrase is sometimes used, well-rounded. The student is placed oftentimes by reason of it—and he is likely to be thus placed, for such is the natural influence connected with the system—in the line of his professional studies, or those which pertain to his particular work in after life, at an earlier stage of his progress, and thus is exposed to the danger of becoming one-sided or partial in his development even from the beginning.

The Change in Our Attitude Toward Life

Another change which has become manifest within the period alluded to and which, as the writer thinks, must be regarded as in a marked degree distinguishing the present era from the past, is seen in what may be called the outward, as contrasted with the inward, movement of individual life. We see evidences of this change everywhere in the world about us, but our present purpose is only to consider it in connection with the sphere of the college and its educational years. In this sphere perhaps the most striking exhibition, though by no means the only one, of what we have in mind is witnessed in the remarkable development of college athletics.

Fifty years ago physical exercise was looked upon in the academic community as a secondary thing or a pastime. It was a matter which the individual student considered subordinate to his intellectual growth or even, sometimes, to his pleasures, and as calling for his attention, largely or wholly, because of its supposed necessity as related to healthfulness. Consequently very many, by reason of the thoughtlessness of youth, in great measure neglected it, having confidence that somehow all things would work out happily in the future. The idea of organizing or systematizing physical exercises so that they should become the subject of absorbing interest, or should seem to form an integral part of college life or education, was as yet far removed from the minds of all.

With reference to this matter, again, it is not the purpose of the writer to discuss the main question that is presented. As to the general advantages or disadvantages of the new in comparison with the old, it is possible that the common opinion is already permanently settled, and that the wisest judgment is that the new is better. If it be so, however,

there can hardly be a question that, in connection with the change, and involved in it, there is also a change in the movement of the individual life. That life is, so far forth, less inward in its activities, its tendencies, its desires, than it was before the new sphere was so widely opened. At least there is a danger, in the case of every man who is affected by the new impulses, that it will be so. And the existence of this danger may render the offering of suggestion as to removing or overcoming it appropriate and helpful.

The college man of the older period was limited in his activities and thoughts, so far as the academic world was concerned, to the duties, associations and intellectual life of his own institution. He was a student, living in a kind of retirement, set apart for four years in the halls of learning, and knowing little of, as well as caring little for, the favoring thought or applause of those who were outside of his own college community. He could not be, and did not care to be, conspicuous before the public, or to be brought into comparison with men elsewhere. There were no such things as intercollegiate contests of any sort, whether physical or intellectual, and no gatherings of great crowds to witness the student's victories or those of his associates. Even twenty years later all these things were only in their earlier stages, as compared with the wide-extended development of the present time. Certainly the movement of the life—as the changes have come so strikingly in this regard—has been toward the outward, rather than the inward.

The Summons and Movement of the Times

But not only in the region of the more distinctively external things may we see evident indications of the altered condition of the time. If we turn to the more purely intellectual, or even to the religious sphere, we find that a similar change has become manifest.

The movement of the individual life in the earlier period was, as we all recognize, toward the inner religious experience and development—toward the personality of the man himself in his relation to the unseen things. The Christian was urged to be meditative, reflective, introvertive. To-day, on the other hand, public teaching and private living in the Christian sphere have turned—how very largely—into the line of religious activity. Work for other men—effort for their temporal well-being—outgoing of the Christian principle in the way of external influence; this is the summons and the movement of the time. The meditative Christian has not been simply called to become active as well as meditative, so it would almost seem, but even to lose his meditations in his activities, and thus to be a working, not a thoughtful man.

The same thing is true, in no small measure, of the intellectual sphere. Here, also, the thought which is now pressed upon the young student's mind by public sentiment, and by what is called the spirit of the age, is that the value of education is found, not so much in itself and in its upbuilding and outbuilding of the man, as in its uses for the man's external life or the life of others. The intensity of the world's business and activity in every line operates with forceful influence upon the youth in his preparatory years, and when those years come to their ending it enters with an almost resistless energy into his deepest thought and mind. The comparative quietness and peacefulness of the earlier age may appear sometimes as a pleasant or beautiful vision. But its reality has passed away. The great world-movement—so it is maintained—necessitates a different order of living, and the man of to-day must be working for what is without, not lingering in that which is within.

The Increased Demand in All Activities

Such are some of the tendencies of the present era which have their bearing upon the educational years and the years immediately following them. Others of a similar character might be mentioned, but the suggestion of these is sufficient for our purpose, and sufficient to give interest and emphasis to the question as to the possibilities and methods of developing a large and well-rounded intellectual culture in this new age.

The fundamental suggestion, as we may say, which the existence of the facts and tendencies presses upon our thought is, that the student himself must take a more active and responsible part in his own education than he was called upon to do in the earlier period. The old system was, in the better sense of the word, pedagogical. It led the youth on his way by means of definite and appointed tasks, and under daily and almost hourly responsibility to his teachers. It asked from him, in many lines, that which was regarded as most helpful to the desired result. It called for as much as it was supposed could be reasonably expected within the educational period. The graduate, as he left the years of study behind him, was held to be—and in a certain sense, he was—developed roundly, up to the limit of his age, in preparation for whatever special training he might desire for himself afterward. What he was at the time of his graduation might be called the product of the system. But even in that era, as all who can remember it are well aware, the result was, in no inconsiderable degree, due to the independent activity of the individual student. Education, under any system, depends on the pupil as truly as upon the instructor. Necessarily the two must work, and, where they are moving to the same end, must work together and harmoniously.

Open-Hour Chances for Mental Growth

In the new system, however, the teachers—for each individual student—do not in their work cover the whole ground of a full and complete education. The arrangements and limitations of the system, and even the idea on which it is founded, tend to render this impracticable. The student, therefore, must put forth his personal energy and endeavor to awaken and stir his own mind in the line of other subjects or studies beyond those which he has chosen for his daily exercises with his instructors. Even in connection with those subjects he must do independent work to some extent if he would accomplish all that is to be desired. But outside of this circle he must have a plan for himself, which shall occupy hours that are not devoted to the regular course. Such hours are open for every man if only he will lay hold upon them as they offer themselves for his use. We do not say that a man can study everything. It is not essential to a broad education that he should do so. But that he can give himself to some things beyond the requirements of the regular courses which he has chosen cannot be questioned by any one who carefully examines the possibilities of his own daily life.

Now to what things such open hours should be devoted will depend, in large measure, on the special circumstances or peculiarities of the individual student. No definite rule can be given, and no suggestion offered that shall be applicable to the demands of every case. But there are suggestions of a general character which may have a bearing upon all alike. One of these, and naturally the first one, is that the subject to which the student thus turns his thought should be quite apart from—in a sense quite opposite to—those of the daily routine. This, indeed, is implied in the very presentation of the matter. The object is to widen the mental view and develop the man in a broader way. There is another reason, however, and an all-important one, for the urging of this point. The remoteness of the new subject of thought and study from the subjects to which the attention is mainly given is helpful to the mind's activity. The man works with greater facility and with a fresh enthusiasm as he turns for the time to a new sphere. He can lengthen the working hours without weariness, because the change brings with it recreation and recuperative force.

Unheeded Possibilities of Manhood

A second suggestion is, that the choice of the new subject or subjects may well be in accordance with the tastes or aptitudes of the individual mind. No doubt the choices made with reference to what are called the student's regular studies are founded largely upon these aptitudes. But they are likely to be determined, in the main, by their supposed relation to the life-work or profession upon which he expects to enter. There are inclinations and forth-puttings of his mind, however, which are not thus limited. It will be a loss to his full manly development if they are checked altogether, or their outgoing is resisted. How can the manhood be full-grown when only one-half or three-fourths of the powers actually within it are brought into exercise? But when the man opens himself along those lines in which his mind would gladly move he will find all effort natural, and will realize most happily the enlarging development of his inmost and best life.

Yet there are times when the student should take upon himself the work of cultivating his mind in lines along which he does not easily or willingly direct his course. We do not know the possibilities within us until we make trial of our powers. We are all prone in early life to feel that we cannot do many things, with reference to which others seem to be gifted but in which we ourselves appear to have no aptitude. So we turn aside from these things altogether, making no attempt to discover our ability or to exercise it—and life becomes less to us, in the after years, than it might have been. There are few educated men who dwell in thought upon their inner life, we may believe, to whose minds regretful memories do not come from time to time as they realize how much more their education might have accomplished for them, and how much more widely it might have reached. Certainly the young student to whom the privilege of the educational period is offered may fitly be counseled and urged not to neglect the cultivation of his powers because he does not yet understand their possible strength. It is better to try to develop the powers where they seem weak, and where the work of development seems difficult, than to lose for the lifetime what they might give to the happiness and force of the manhood.

The greatest mistake which we all make in our educational years is that which is founded upon the idea that we are doing everything that the possibilities of the case allow. The possibilities of our powers and of our time and of our enthusiasm are not realized or appreciated because we do not move in the pathways which open to us, because we do not try to discover the forces within us which are not yet manifest, and because we suffer the hours to pass by us half-employed or unemployed, many of them—hours which might give us broader knowledge and higher inspiration. The seizing upon these hours for their best uses, and the stirring of new enthusiasm by using them, must be the work of the individual man. He must lay hold for himself upon that which the appointed courses of study cannot offer within their own immediate circle. He must do for himself that which is beyond the sphere of the special teachers under whom he is placed. He must do this with the greater determination and earnestness for the very reason of the existence of the tendencies which move him toward the outward, as contrasted with the inward—the tendencies that are characteristic of the time.

The Importance of a Love for Reading

But if the student is to counteract the tendencies referred to, and is to become a roundly and fully educated man, it is important, beyond almost anything else, that he should be a lover of reading. The love of reading needs to be awakened and strengthened in the educational years. It is natural to those years—easily establishing and developing itself, if only the inner life is opened to its growth. The opening of the life, however, and the strengthening of the love are, and must be, dependent upon the individual student. Happily the work required of him is one which can be accomplished with comparatively little difficulty and in a very simple way. It has only to be undertaken with serious purpose, and the result will almost certainly follow. The man who reads wisely and well will, as if by a law of his intellectual nature, find the love of reading soon springing up and growing within him without any further effort on his part. He will realize that he was made for reading as truly as for thinking or speaking, and he will rejoice in the possibility which it offers for his life. No advice, as it seems to the present writer, can be given to a college student which will be more fruitful of good, as well as of happiness for his present and future years, than that which urges him to be a constant and careful, an intelligent and thoughtful, reader of the literature of his own language. Such reading should form some part of every day's employment. It should have a time provided and set apart for it in the plan of the day's duties, as definitely and strictly as the regular studies or physical exercises have for themselves. It may be a comparatively brief time, but it should be conscientiously used. If thus used, its influence upon the student's education will be greatly beyond his present thought. If it be used with wise judgment, it will tend, in its results, to the enlargement of the mind's vision and to the enriching, in many ways, of the intellectual life.

For the realization of the best results connected with reading, and for the cultivation of thought-power, the student may be earnestly advised to give himself, as far as practicable in view of other duties, to the work of what is called composition—the setting forth in writing of the ideas or knowledge which he has gained. The exercise of thought-power in this way is helpful to the increase of the power itself, and such increase is a prime object of higher education. The suggestion thus offered has reference to the student's private and individual work. Of course, he may wisely seek advice from his teachers who devote their time to this sphere of instruction and may make choice of one of the regular courses in their special departments. But, aside from what they do or can do for him, he may accomplish much by and for himself; and if he thus undertakes his own development and culture he will soon discover that the effect of his work as a writer is a new inspiration for his reading and a new stimulus for mental growth.

Responsibilities Attendant Upon Opportunity

The college man of to-day, by reason of the advance of learning, the improved methods of instruction, and the better education opened in the preparatory years, has far wider opportunities and far greater possibilities than his predecessor of the earlier period. If all the advantages which the new age offers and all the good which pertains to it can be secured it may not be doubted that the manly development in the intellectual sphere, as related to the life of the individual as well as to that of the world, will be nearer to the ideal than ever before. But in the moving on of the years, and attendant upon the changes which have taken place, influences have become manifest in consequence of which a greater personal responsibility for his education is laid upon each individual man. In view of these influences the writer presents the suggestions of this brief article to college men to the end that, if it may be so, the responsibility may be more fully appreciated and the hindrances which stand in the way of the best results may be overcome or removed by each one upon whom the responsibility falls. Let us who are educated men, whether older or younger, ever bear in mind the thought that education, like religion, belongs primarily to the inward life, and that the secret of its usefulness and its highest value for the man, and for all men, is to be found there. Let us also remember that the best education is that which gives growth and energy to all the powers of the inward life, and enriches that life, in its every part, by an ever fresh and vitalizing force.

The Lobster

By Morgan Robertson

WE CALLED him Lobster from the first. He was overgrown and stupid, his trousers bagged at the knees and were too short—I suppose he never dreamed of creasing them—and he wore celluloid collars and cuffs and any kind of necktie. He attended school with us, but, aside from mathematics and physics—which he seemed to know without studying—he could not learn. His mother tried to teach him how to dress, but he took no interest—had absolutely no idea of what makes a gentleman. As for his sister, she said that she preferred him as he was, for then he was natural; but that was just like her.

He had a most disagreeable manner, too. He would look you right in the eyes until you got through talking, and then say nothing at all, or turn his back on you.

We did not care to associate with him, and he spent most of his spare time wandering about the woods with an old gun, or down in a little shop that he had rigged up in the garden. Here he would busy himself for hours on some kind of jim-crackery—first one thing, then another. One day—we were all about twenty then—he brought out after school hours what he called a model flying-machine—a lot of wings and fans and clockwork about three feet long—and Charlie and Jack and I followed along to see the fun. He wound it up and was just ready to start it when Charlie pushed me, and I fell against Jack, who fell over the machine and smashed it. Lobster looked awfully cheap, and I laughed until I cried, but Jack did not. He coaxed Lobster to fix it up and try it again so that we could see it go, and even helped him carry it back to the shop. After a while they brought it out, and this time I pushed Charlie and he pushed Jack. The machine was totally wrecked, but we did not laugh much, for Lobster got into a terrible rage. He grabbed Jack and held him so that he could not move; then, when he had recovered his breath—for Jack was nearly as big and strong as he was—he pounded his face until Jack was nearly dead before he let him go. He did not touch Charlie and me. Lucky for him, too, for we would have had him arrested. That was what we hoped Jack would do, but when we proposed it on the way home he just kicked us both and said nothing. I thought it was very unkind, and I never knew him to act so strangely before; for, the first thing in the morning, he apologized to Lobster in the presence of the whole school, and told Charlie and me that he would take it upon himself to keep insects like us from harassing him, and that if anybody in the school ever called him Lobster again in his presence he would break that person's head.

—a statuelike sort of girl

So after that we called him George, and only used Lobster in the third person, and when Jack was not around. They became great friends, though why, I could not understand, for Jack was a gentleman and his father had millions. He was a good rider, swimmer and yachtsman, and owned the fastest catboat on the bay, while Lobster had neither money, brains nor refinement. But his sister Jennie was very pretty, and very nice. At least I thought so then, and on her account I had to tolerate the brother while I was calling on her. But there came a time when she told me I had better not call on her any more, and after that I did not care how I treated him, for I think that he influenced her.

Charlie took my place and seemed to get on very well with Jennie. At least he did a great deal of boasting, though it may have been just to tease me. However, after Miss Swinton, Jack's sister, came home from abroad I did not care what he said.

Jennie was one of those blond, fluffy-haired girls, but Miss Grace Swinton was tall and dark-eyed—a statuelike sort of girl. She had finished her education in Europe, and was very self-possessed and accomplished—as much an athlete, almost, as her brother—and she had such a dreamy way of listening while you talked that you hardly knew what to say, and when you were through talking you could not tell whether you had impressed her or not.

We graduated, in time, and Jack went to college, while Charlie and I secured positions in the city, going to business early in the morning and going into society every evening. I got on swimmingly with Miss Swinton. I knew she liked me because, after we had become well acquainted, it was so easy to make her laugh, and I should most certainly have proposed to her if Charlie had not interfered so much. Something had happened between him and Jennie, for he stopped calling on her, encroaching on my preserves instead. We almost quarreled about it, but Jack came home at vacation time and spoiled both our chances, for he took up with the Lobster and brought him to his house. Then Miss Swinton seemed to lose all interest in Charlie and me, and developed a most unaccountable interest in Lobster, going down with her brother to Lobster's old shop, where he would talk mechanics with her and show her his inventions. His last was a chainless bicycle which he had just patented.

He made frequent trips to the city on this business, and would come back with new collars and clothes and things to make himself appear better, but he could not succeed in this, no matter what he wore, and neither Charlie nor I could understand what Miss Swinton saw in him. They would take long walks together just the same as though he was her social equal, and Charlie and I would follow a short way back until, one day—well, we got tired of following them. We told Jack, however, that he ought to look out for his sister and not allow her to go walking with such a ruffianly brute, but he merely said something about the Lobster's selling his patent for twenty thousand and royalties, and said something more about folks minding their own business. So we stopped trying to meet Miss Swinton in society.

When the term began Jack went back to college, and a few days later something occurred which prevented the Lobster from meeting Miss Swinton in society. Charlie and I overtook him as we walked up from the station in the evening. His hat was gone and he was muddy, damp and disheveled. He could barely stumble along and every few yards he would stop and cling to a tree or paling for support. But he was not intoxicated, as we thought at first. He told us, when we inquired, that he had been out with his gun, and early in the day had fallen into a swamp. Then, to prevent catching cold, he had bought quinine in a neighboring town without getting directions, and, as he had never taken it before, he ignorantly swallowed the whole purchase—thirty grains. It would have killed Charlie or me, but only weakened him and made him dizzy. We accompanied him along, for his way home led past the Swinton's place and we wanted to see any possible results. Sure enough, there was Miss Swinton at the window.

That evening we met her—accidentally—and she inquired about Lobster. Now if we had told a lie there would be some reason in blaming us; but we did not—we simply said, jokingly too, that he had taken too much of something or other, which was the truth. Miss Swinton merely smiled a little and turned the subject. We never supposed that she had taken us seriously until, a few evenings later, when Lobster had recovered, we were near the Swintons' place—accidentally, understand—and saw the Lobster go up the front steps, and a minute later come down. And there was Miss Swinton at the window. She was "not at home" to him, and all in all we agreed to let the matter alone. We had been told to mind our own business, and it served him right for his presumption. Next day Miss Swinton left for the city to spend the winter.

Though both she and Jack were back for the Christmas holidays I am sure that neither met the Lobster, who had taken to his old clothes again and become more unsociable than ever. During Holiday Week he found urgent business in the neighboring town where they were making his bicycles, and of course Jack was puzzled and called repeatedly at his house. But Jennie could not tell what ailed him, and I supposed Miss Swinton had never spoken of the matter at all, while the Lobster, of course, was too stubborn to tell anybody. So things went on in this way—Charlie and I going into society every evening, and calling on every young lady in town except Miss Swinton and Jennie—until the following summer, when Jack came home on vacation again and his sister returned from the city.

Jack hunted for Lobster, but the big fool was still on his dignity, taking long bicycle rides and getting up early and returning late, so that all Jack found when he called was Jennie. However, he persisted, which at the time seemed strange in Jack, and after a while Miss Swinton, too, became very friendly with Jennie, and the three were always together—so much so that Charlie and I began to fear that Jennie was concocting some scheme for her brother's benefit. But the Lobster himself, in his own peculiar way, reassured us. He was in town one day, and Charlie and I were right behind him—he was going our way, but of course we did not join him—when Miss Swinton came around the corner and met him face to face. We saw her start slightly and flush a deep red, but Lobster swung by her with his long stride as though not conscious that she existed. He was anything but a gentleman: he did not know that a young lady is not to be taken too seriously. Miss Swinton was so shocked by his manner that when she passed Charlie and me she was frightfully pale, and did not even see us. And we were so agitated ourselves by this occurrence that we did not make ourselves known, as we might have done under other circumstances.

—he spent most of his spare time wandering about the woods with an old gun

Then came that awful trip in the yacht. Jack had fitted out his catboat, and we learned in a roundabout way that he would take his sister and Jennie for a sail down the bay. So we put on our yachting suits that morning and managed to be at the club-house when they came down. Jack invited us, but in a rather unkind way, I admit. He said: "Come along, and if there's any wind I'll take the starch out of those duds."

We accepted, of course, though we would not have gone without Miss Swinton, for we did not like yachting any more than we liked Jennie. Miss Swinton was very agreeable and Jennie tried to be, but found herself almost ignored, for we addressed ourselves only to Miss Swinton and Jack. It was lovely weather and we sailed miles and miles down the shore until long after midday, then dropped the anchor in a little bay to have luncheon. Then, just as we had finished and were lighting our cigarettes, and were having the most enjoyable time, who should appear on the beach but the Lobster with a smashed bicycle on his shoulder!

Jack was all excitement at once, and hailed him, but the Lobster started toward the road with his wheel, paying no attention whatever. So Jack jumped into the little boat and pulled ashore. We saw them meet, shake hands and talk a little, then turn back to the beach. Out they came in the boat, talking earnestly, and Charlie and I were awfully afraid that they were explaining things concerning us. But it was only Lobster's way of telling how he had left his repair kit at home and smashed the wheel. He was still talking as he lifted the machine over the rail and climbed up, saying that this meeting saved him a ten-mile tramp to the station.

Miss Swinton had gone right down into the cabin when she saw him coming, but my friend and I greeted him decently, and Jennie made some sisterly comments on the condition of his clothes—all dust and mud. He just nodded to Charlie and me, told Jennie to stop scolding, and asked Jack where he was to put his wheel. "Down below," said Jack, and down went Lobster. Charlie and I strained our ears, but there was nothing said, and soon he came up, red as a beet. Miss Swinton, equally constrained and embarrassed, followed in a few moments. In fact it was very embarrassing for all of us—except Jack and Jennie. They did not seem to mind.

We started back now, but had not gone far before the wind died away, and it began raining. The young ladies went below, and Charlie and I followed to close all the little round windows in the cabin to keep the rain out. Then we stayed there, in spite of Jack's remarks, for we did not want to spoil our clothes. Lobster, however, remained up in the rain. His clothes could not be spoiled. But we found his old bicycle was right in everybody's way and his sister called to him to take care of it. So he came down too, and was just putting it into a berth—all dirt as it was—when Jack yelled down:

"Stand by for a squall. Come up, all of you."

Before we could get to the steps there was an awful sound of wind, and the boat began to tip. We all slid over to the side of the cabin, then a lot of water came down the steps, the door closed with a bang, and we were in darkness with the floor and ceiling perpendicular. The boat was on her side.

Of course every one screamed—all but Lobster, who swore. He groped his way to the door, but could not open it. Then he growled:

"What fool built this death-trap? Door at the side and opening outward."

Just then all the little round windows that were under water opened and let in a perfect rush of it. Lobster yelled

to close them, and we had to get right down almost under water in order to do it. But one was broken, and when Lobster learned of it he made us climb up and make sure that the upper ones were screwed tight. When this was done the cabin was half full of water, and we sat on the centreboard-box, which made a broad shelf in the middle. Jennie was awfully frightened—crying like a baby, and she asked her brother if there were any real danger.

"No, little girl," he answered, "we won't sink unless the air leaks out. We're floating on compressed air; that's what makes our ears buzz so. The door is under water, and so is the broken deadlight, but the upper ones seem to be tight and the centreboard-box opens on deck, so not a drop more of water can get in; and before long Jack can get help to right us, but we must remain as quiet as possible."

Then I heard him mutter: "It happened once before But at the time I did not know what he meant

We could hear the sound of the storm above and Jack's boot-heels on the door as though he were trying to kick it in. Lobster climbed back and played a tattoo on the ceiling with his knife-handle, and we learned afterward that he was telling him by telegraphy, which both of them understood, to cut away the mast if he could, but not to open the door, as it would sink the boat and drown us all

I was a little frightened, I admit; and I know Charlie was, too, for I heard him saying his prayers, and after a while I heard him crying. He said afterward that he did not cry until he heard me crying, but I know better. Jennie was still crying, but not a sound came from Miss Swinton's lips. Lobster had not spoken to her nor she to him.

By this time we could see things by the little light which came through the round windows, and Lobster left the steps and climbed toward his bicycle, which he examined all over It was badly damaged, but the big foot pump which he always carried under the top bar was intact, and also the tire-valves. He unwound the wire which held one of the valves to the tire and cut off the coupling-screw at the end of the pump-hose, replacing it with the valve, which he bound on with the wire exactly as it had been bound to the neck of the tire. In spite of our danger he was the same ill mannered boor, for when I asked him why he did that he answered, without looking at me at all

"To make little boys ask questions

He unscrewed the head of the pump, took out the plunger and reversed the leather; then he put it back. I did not understand until afterward that he was changing an air-compressor into an air extractor—a contrivance to pull air into the cabin. When he had talked with Jack again by their telegraphy, he dived under water and secured a small brace and bit from a locker. Then, telling Charlie to "stand by with the pump," he bored a hole in the side of the cabin over our heads, stopped the hole with his finger until Charlie had reached him, and then screwed in the valve—which had an outside thread and was just the size of the hole. Next he firmly bound the pump by its stirrup to the thumbscrew of one of the windows, so that it hung upside down He pumped carefully a few strokes, found that it worked, and said

"Good enough. No present danger of suffocation, though we'll have to pump against two atmospheres at least. Now listen, all of you. One must pump, the rest remaining quiet so as to consume as little oxygen as possible. You two Miss Nancys will take turns with me at the pump—and if you don't stop that snivveling I'll hold your heads under water until you do."

He was always the same. No extremity of danger or example of cultivated society could make the least improvement in him.

Then began that horrible labor for life which lasted eighteen hours, while Lobster made new plungers for the pump, as they wore out, from the leather in his shoes and afterward from Charlie's and mine Jennie stopped crying after a while, and she and Miss Swinton sat with their arms about each other, while Lobster, Charlie and I took turns at the pumping. By lying face upward on the centreboard box we could just reach the handle and pull downward, but it was awfully hard work, and every breath of air that we pulled in came charged with the odor of the lubricant in the pump

After a time—a long time, during which Jack, up above, occasionally hammered—the boat began to pitch and toss, and Lobster said that if she were not half full of water she would right herself now even against the weight of the mast and sail. Either the motion of the boat affected me, or it was the bad air and I became so deathly sick and weak I could not pump. The others continued until Charlie, too, gave out. Then Lobster pumped alone. I noticed how hard and heavy he breathed, and that Miss Swinton was the same Perhaps it was because they were much larger than the rest of us and really needed more air I know my own suffering was frightful By and by I heard Charlie crying again and trying to pray It made me think of what we had said about Lobster, and though I tried to put the thought away it would come back. I felt that we had not treated Miss Swinton right in allowing her to deceive herself, and that if I was to die I ought to say something about it. So I crawled over to where she sat with Jennie, and told the real truth in a low voice so that no one else might hear, and was called a "contemptible little wretch" for my pains. Then I crawled back. I could hardly move now and did not care to speak to Lobster. It was afterward that I learned that Miss Swinton was unconscious in Jennie's arms and that I had confessed to Jennie

I think I went to sleep or fainted after this incident I know that I did no more pumping, and have a dim recollection of being pushed about; but it seemed to be a week, after the boat tipped over, when I was awakened by sliding off the centreboard-box into the water, and all I cared about was to make sure that my head was out. Then I went to sleep again, reclining against the centreboard-box. After a long time—I do not know how long—I was wakened again by a crashing noise and a rush of water in my face; and there I was, up to my neck in it, looking at a square of light formed by the open door; and floundering toward us through the water was a man who brought with him the sweetness and freshness of the morning air above

"Jennie—Grace," he called in gasps, for he seemed to be choking. "Are you alive? I can't see—speak, somebody"

"Here, Jack," said Jennie's voice behind me "Take Grace."

I looked around, and there was Jennie supporting Miss Swinton and barely able to hold her own head above water Charlie was climbing out of a berth, and Lobster, still and quiet, blue in the face—and with the awful look of a dead man on it—was leaning against the slanting centreboard-box with one hand extended to the handle of the pump.

It did not take us long to get to the door, you may be sure, but, quick as we were, Jack was ahead of us with his sister, whom he carried as he might have carried a child. He placed her on the deck above. She was breathing, though unconscious. Down he went again and brought up Jennie, who had fainted in his arms, and whom he was kissing as though she were the only girl on earth. Then, taking a long breath, he went for Lobster, and when he brought him he brought the pump too; for though Jack had strength to carry him he had not strength to twist his fingers from the pump handle

He was not dead, but might have been had the boat grounded ten minutes later. It was the going down of the tide that righted her, sliding us off the centreboard box, and afterward enabling Jack to open the door. A little pounding and shaking brought Lobster to a breathing condition, and a little cold water dashed in her face revived Jennie. No one talked, or wanted to; we just lay sprawled around that deck and breathed fresh air, while Jack looked first at one, then at another, and smiled—such a smile. He was not the Jack we knew at all; his hair had turned gray and he seemed unable to close his lips, which were twisted and drawn into an expression of pain, while his eyes were sunken deep in his head. It was the suspense after we had stopped answering his signals, he said later, that had made him old within a few hours Horrible as Lobster looked, Jack looked worse especially when he smiled. His hands were covered with blood and forward were signs of the work that had made them bleed. He had whittled half way through the mast

Lobster was breathing in great, convulsive sobs, his chest heaving four inches high, and Miss Swinton was not much better. But she came to her senses first, and Jack assisted her to sit up. She looked around in a dazed kind of way, then, spying Lobster flat on his broad back, she pushed Jack away, crawled to Lobster's side, and looked into his face a moment as though she could devour him with her eyes. Then, with a little whimpering moan, she fainted beside him. But Lobster did not know it. Jack lifted her away from him and nursed her back to consciousness; and when Lobster came to himself, afterward, and sat up, he simply shook hands with Jack and kissed Jennie without saying a word. But he paid no attention to Miss Swinton, nor to Charlie and me; in fact, he never did notice Charlie and me unless we spoke to him first Miss Swinton kept her big dark eyes upon him until his manner became too apparent, then they filled with tears, and she did not look at him any more

Although we had not eaten for nearly twenty-four hours we were not in the least hungry, but we were very weak, and it was three hours before we felt like leaving the boat. Then she was high and dry and Jack tied a long rope to a tree to hold her when the tide should rise again

On the way, Jack and Jennie paired off ahead and seemed to be talking earnestly, and Lobster, who, of course, would not walk with Miss Swinton, and I, who did not care to just then, walked together, leaving Charlie to follow on with Miss Swinton. Suddenly Jack and Jennie stopped, stared hard at Charlie and me as we passed, and called to Lobster. He joined them, and they talked for a few moments while I followed Miss Swinton and Charlie; then Jack called his sister and she went back, while Charlie and I walked on. I had to explain now, for he was very curious to know what was going on—and I knew. I knew that Jennie had heard what I had only meant Miss Swinton to hear, and that she was telling

Of course, Charlie called me all kinds of fools—it is a habit he has—but I would not listen, and turned my back on him to look at the others. Miss Swinton was standing close to Lobster, with one hand on his shoulder. She was talking excitedly, while he looked down into her face and the others listened. I knew by the shining of her eyes that she was crying and though I could not hear what she was saying I guessed—she was pleading forgiveness. I turned on Charlie and was giving him just as good as he sent when I heard a snarling sound behind me; then Jack was upon us

His horrible eyes blazed in his horrible face, he was in a perfect fury of rage—certainly insane—and before we could escape he buried his bloody hands in our hair and—never uttering a word, remember—just bumped our heads together. It was torture. He held us while we called for help, and bumped, and bumped, and bumped And Miss Swinton and Lobster and Jennie merely looked on—never offering to interfere. At last, just as I thought I was going to faint he let go and Charlie went one way while I went the other. We swooned in earnest then, and when we recovered they were gone; so we went home without them.

We have not seen any of the four since then, as we have not gone into society very much lately, but we have learned that the two weddings will come off together. However, there is one thing that Charlie and I are agreed upon—if we are invited we will just send our regrets.

Then, with a little whimpering moan, she fainted beside him

Short Stories of Great Singers

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

MADAME MELBA, so far as taking care of herself is concerned, is the most un prima-donna-like of persons, for oftener than not she disregards such care entirely. Toward the end of a long, fatiguing season she will drive about all day through the mud, shopping, as hilarious as a boarding school girl. And that night she will appear with a voice as fresh as though she had been resting for twenty-four hours. Her general good temper may be due, and doubtless is due, in a measure to fine physique, but there is about her an air of good fellowship that suggests the sister with many brothers

She is excitable, but there are times when she displays notable self-command, or rather the ability not to talk at that particular moment. Surprising she is sometimes, too, with the English kind of candor. She was that the first time I met her. It was the day of her Chicago début. Few prima donnas would have received any one under such conditions. It was her greeting, though, that surprised me most

"What family of Armstrongs do you belong to?" she asked. "My husband was an Armstrong and I abominated him."

After I explained things she seemed a bit easier, but reverted again to the subject, saying as I left: "Your people were originally English and in the Church, and so are his, and a very disagreeable lot they are."

But at heart Madame Melba is one of the kindest of women, and things that the prima donna is generally expected to consider of the first importance she ignores oftener than not.

Francesco Vignas, the Spanish tenor, fell ill with la grippe in the midst of a Tannhauser performance and the result was the strangest conclusion ever given to the opera. He was singing the title rôle and Madame Melba the Elizabeth. The occasion was to her an important one for she was then growing ambitious to sing Wagnerian music.

Vignas knew at the outset that he was ill, but determined to brave the situation. He had never had la grippe before. The presentation was threatened with disaster from the very first. Madame Nordica, who was to sing the Venus, went to bed ill. Miss Olga Pevny was telegraphed for to do the part and arrived barely in time to undertake it without rehearsal

The "Song of Many Nations" in Grand Opera

She sang the Venus in German, Vignas the title part in Italian, and Madame Melba the Elizabeth in French. In the minor rôles each singer selected his or her own preference as to language, the chorus, as usual, engaging in Italian. Mr. Grau had a speech made before the curtain after the first act to explain the situation to the audience

Meanwhile, shaking from head to foot in his dressing room, Vignas was being vigorously rubbed and plied with hot toddy. The hour had passed for even these heroic remedies, and Tannhauser was brought to a stop with the song of the Evening Star. Then a second speech announced that Madame Melba, "to oblige the management," would sing the Mad Scene from Lucia; which she proceeded to do in Elizabeth's costume, mantle, crown and all—an episode that has, doubtless, never had its counterpart in operatic history.

Every one in the cast except Madame Melba looked upon the tenor's condition as an intentional affront, and she it was, although the most seriously disturbed of all, who undertook his defense the next day when some harsh and manifestly unjust things were said of him in print.

An incident that narrowly escaped being tragic was the panic during an appearance of Madame Melba at the California Theatre, San Francisco, in April, 1898, when the singer made her first visit to the coast The small theatre was filled to its limit, and early in the evening troubles began which to the superstitious would have been so many ill omens. In the midst of the third act of Rigoletto there was an explosion under the stage, and steam from the heating pipes rushed in a cloud from between the boards until the scene looked like Die Walkure. There was confusion in the audience and on the stage. It was impossible to proceed, and the curtain was rung down. In the excitement that followed the steam was turned off

To divert attention the orchestra gave the overture to Zampa—in the middle of the third act of Rigoletto! Mr. Campanari, who was singing the title rôle, played on the piano behind the scenes to the entertainment of his colleagues and the further distraction of those in the crowded wings

Presently the curtain was raised and the scene progressed, beginning, by a wise economy, with the identical note where it was left in mid-career some time before. It was scarcely started when there came from under the stage a sound of hammering that made the place seem like a boiler factory, the plumbers had arrived. From the wings the adjectives of Rigo, the stage manager, could be heard in the auditorium

An exciting chase after the plumbers followed, the singers and orchestra holding second place until the commotion was stopped. Madame Melba came from the stage, on the fall of the curtain, exceedingly nervous, and vowing she would drive home at once

Campanari was singing the prologue to Pagliacci when Madame Melba came from her dressing room ready for the next number, the Mad Scene from Lucia. Her nervousness seemed to have increased. Twice she exclaimed, "I'm going to faint!" As Miss Bennett, her companion, was handing her a glass of water there came the sound of a commotion from the body of the theatre

Mephisto's Fire Quenched in a Mackintosh

At first one voice, then another, then another, was heard calling until the whole place seemed in an uproar. Shouting, cries, and a general pandemonium existed in a moment. The seats had sold at exceedingly high prices. The program, then not more than half completed, had been anything but satisfactory, owing to the absurd interruptions. The one thought was that some disaffected people had made a disturbance which the audience was trying to stop. It was impossible to see, for the curtain was down, and in an instant the tumult filled the theatre

"It's a mob!" I exclaimed. Madame Melba echoed, "It's a mob; it's a mob!" The one idea of Miss Bennett and myself was to get her out of hearing of that sound. The singer was half fainting as we helped her to the property room. Just as we were seating her on a chest Rigo and Mr. Ellis, the manager, rushed in—both were white in the face.

"Come, madame, come!" they called. The singer, half unconscious from fright, arose mechanically, the long white robe of Lucia dragging after her and her hair falling over her shoulders. In that moment, when but half conscious, she gave evidence of the British pluck that is in her.

She thought it a mob, but headed straight for the wings to go out on the stage. Instead, they hurried her toward the stage door. Before we had reached it the people from the auditorium were rushing toward the same door. To get to the stage some were pushing through at the side of the curtain and others were crawling under it

As we were crossing the narrow court leading from the stage entrance we first knew what had caused the alarm—there was the glare of fire in the sky. There were the noise of engines and the surge of the crowd pushing its way from the front doors of the theatre. The clamping horses in the line of waiting carriages added to the tumult. The scene was lit by flames pouring from the stables next to the theatre.

In the hotel lobby the performers, some in stage costumes, flocked about Madame Melba. Salignac, the tenor, dressed as Faust, for the garden scene of the opera, was, after a while sent home in a cab, while Rains, the basso, now of the Berlin Royal Opera, was given a very short mackintosh that covered his six feet of height as far as the knees as he walked home through the mistlike rain in the red tights of Mephisto

Amusing incidents were plentiful, and on the following day long tables in the theatre were piled with a strange collection of lost articles. When I went to bid Madame Melba good by she said to me: "Do you know what I thought last night? I thought that after the great success I had the other night in singing The Star-Spangled Banner in the singing-lesson scene in the Barber of Seville, a Spaniard was coming to kill me."

Patti Eager to Show She Was Right

Madame Adelina Patti I happened first to meet on the evening of the day in which she read in a newspaper that she did not know how to sing Home, Sweet Home. Naturally she was a bit excited. She insisted upon singing it for me.

"Carolina brought this song and I sat up in bed this morning and sang it. Look what that man says!" And she picked up the offending paper and gave it to me to read.

"Now," commanded Madame Patti, "hold that paper and see how the man says I pronounce the words, and follow me on the music while I sing them"

Then she began to sing Home, Sweet Home, and I never heard her sing it better, standing there on the floor, I holding the newspaper in one hand and the notes in the other

Then she questioned eagerly: "Did I divide the syllables wrongly? Did I pronounce wrongly? How else could I do it?"

At the close of her final concert at Albert Hall during the Queen's Jubilee the audience demanded a double encore and even then refused to be satisfied. Madame Patti came out again and again to bow, finally with a carriage cloak about her. The manager had to make a speech, one of those charmingly halting affairs to which we have grown accustomed

"Ladies and—gentlemen," he said, "Madame Patti—wishes me to—express her—thanks for the reception and—you have—given her this evening—Madame Patti—begs to be—excused from singing again. She has—already sung double the number of songs—indicated in the program—and feels fatigued. And—and—er——"

Then came one of those unfortunate hesitations that indicate that a speaker who has already told everything he knows wishes to say more. This time, as usual, it was a platitude. But his voice was triumphant in having found it.

"It is a very warm evening," he announced

A voice in the gallery exclaimed: "We know that!" The manager grew purple and withdrew.

In her own home at Craig-y-Nos there is nothing in either conversation or manner to recall her career. Indeed I know of no artist with greater simplicity of manner. But the souvenirs that fill the castle are a sufficient reminder.

It needs only to be recalled that her career has extended over the reigns of generations of royalty, that she has seen kingdoms changed to republics and back again, wars alter geographical lines, and treaties wipe out rightful ownership

The Queen of Song to the King of Prussia

In her boudoir hang autograph portraits of half the more familiar royalties. In the centre of this group is one of Queen Victoria given her when she sang at Windsor, and when, as Madame Patti expressed it, the silver dishes to eat from and intended as a compliment failed to deaden the nerve-jarring squeak as the knife touched the plate. Above it hangs a portrait of the old Emperor William of Germany, given her when she was barely out of her teens and he was the King of Prussia.

"Is it true," I asked her, "that you once refused to sing to him?"

"Oh, perfectly," she replied. "He sent an equerry to me one day commanding that I sing before him that evening I sent word that His Majesty might be the King of Prussia, but that I was Queen Adelina Patti, and that I didn't sing for any one without sufficient preparation. And we were better friends ever after

Winterhalter's portrait of the singer is also placed in this room. It represents her at the outset of her career and in the splendor of youth. We were standing in front of this one [illegible] I like this one best.

While I was studying it I heard a long sigh. Turning, I saw her eyes fixed on it, a look of mingled tenderness and regret in her face. And then I knew it was of her youth that she was thinking

She has one talent beside that of singing. "When I lose my voice," she once said to the Prince of Wales, "I shall take to embroidering cushions for my living."

"Then I shall want lots of them," was his gallant reply

A rule prevails at Craig-y-Nos founded on logic hard to contradict: only one kind of wine is served to each guest at dinner. "The whole of the trouble comes from mixing wines," says Madame Patti positively, "and I don't want any of my guests to awake in the morning and feel as though they had been sleeping with copper cents in their mouths."

The congregation of pets at the castle included two horses so decrepit that they absolutely staggered to pasture and back again. "But I ordered," said Madame Patti, "that the best of care should be shown them. The manager came to me one afternoon, and said: 'Madame, really they are too rickety to get to pasture and back.'

"A few hours later I happened to look out of the window, and there was one of them actually trying to frisk about. I sent for the superintendent at once. 'I thought you told me,' I said, 'that those horses should be killed—that they were too rickety to walk. Just now I saw one of them frisking about.' 'Oh, madame,' he replied, 'that is because he knew you were looking at him.'"

Editor's Note As a newspaper man and musical critic Mr. Armstrong has met most of the famous musicians of the present day and has had unusual opportunities for knowing them intimately. This is the third of a series of four anecdotal sketches from his pen, of which the first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of August 11

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Li Could Walk When He Had To

When Li Hung Chang made his visit to the United States several years ago he was jarred in a number of ways by finding that our ideas were not altogether in accord with his own But, being a sensible man, he tried to accommodate himself to the ways of Western Barbarism.

In New York City a round of visits was arranged to the offices of officials, the homes of a few leading citizens, and to points of interest. At each place a squad of policemen was stationed in advance to keep in order the crowd that was bound to gather

Getting out of his carriage at the City Hall, Li stepped to the foot of the steps leading to the Mayor's office and stood there till two servants, who had followed in another carriage, ran up with a queer chair — not unlike, in a general way, the old-time Sedan chairs, except that it was without a top. In this chair Li calmly seated himself. "Does he expect the Mayor to come down to see him?" was the query that went from lip to lip, with such remarks as, "See the style of him!"

Imperturbably Li sat till a police captain stepped to the chair, whereupon the Oriental's secretary, who stood beside his master, explained that, according to Chinese etiquette, so great a dignitary as Li Hung Chang could not walk upstairs, but must be carried

Politeness to a visitor operated to make the officer call four sturdy policemen, who took hold of the handles and had the Celestial at the top of the steps in a jiffy

They were so taken by surprise that they had seized the handles without reflection, but even before they were at the top of the steps they were so angry that they almost dropped the yellow-faced visitor, regardless of consequences

And the news spread like wild fire among the thousands of men who make up the police force of New York. Were policemen expected to be body-servants of a Chinaman? The unfortunate captain was made to feel that he was forever disgraced. The heinousness of it all will be better understood when it is remembered that the great majority of the police force are Irishmen. They boiled with wrath at the indignity.

Let the Chinaman hire somebody to carry him if he couldn't walk! Let him send into New York's Chinatown for Chinese chair-bearers

Untold wealth would not have tempted another New York policeman to put a hand to Li's chair, even if ordered to do so by the chief of the department and the entire police board

In some inscrutable way Li learned of all this. He didn't say anything. His countenance was as calmly unperturbed as ever

But when, the next day, his carriage drew up at the home of General (then Colonel) Frederick D. Grant, the son of Li's old friend, General Ulysses S. Grant, Li stepped from his carriage, glanced with impassive face at the group of belligerent-minded policemen, and skipped up the half dozen steps to the door like an agile boy.

Chinese Doctors Educated Here

Out of thirty alumni and alumnæ sent from the University of Michigan to become missionaries and teachers in China none are more interesting or better equipped for the work than are Melyii Shie, or Mary Stone as she was called in this country, and Ida Kahn. These two are native Chinese girls adopted while infants by an American missionary, Miss Gertrude Howe, and sent to Ann Arbor to be educated.

Miss Stone was the first native girl in Central China who grew up with unbound feet, though now there are many who have adopted the custom. The chief objection to her unbound feet came from a delegation of Chinese women, who pleaded that she could never find a husband.

Miss Kahn came into the world with a gloomy outlook for the future, her parents being advised that she would certainly come to an evil end. Consulting over her the cry arose "Put her in the pail! Put her in the pail!"—meaning that she should be drowned at once. A Chinaman who was teaching Miss Howe went to the rescue, at the urgent entreaty of the missionary, when the outcry was overheard.

It was finally decided to let the child "cry herself to death": a refined expression for starvation. Miss Howe saved her from this by adopting her

Miss Stone and Miss Kahn arrived in America in 1892 and were graduated in 1896 from the University at Ann Arbor with the well earned degree of Doctor of Medicine At the request of their classmates they wore their native Chinese gowns of flowing silk when they mounted the platform to receive their diplomas from President Angell, who had been United States Minister to China in 1880 and 1881. The two girls, neither of them yet twenty-five years old, located in Kin Kiang, in the great Yang-tse-Kiang Valley, where in one year they had over six thousand patients

A Partnership in Generosity

Two Western men recently gave $5,000,000 to a Western university. The quiet giving of this great sum and the simplicity of the whole transaction were of marked interest

The money was given to Washington University, St. Louis by Samuel Cupples and Robert Brookings, two citizens of that city. Both men are merchants, the one, Mr. Cupples, well on in years, and the other, Mr. Brookings, in the very prime of life. The younger man had previously given nearly a million dollars to the same university

Long ago, Mr. Cupples set out from Pennsylvania to make his home and fortune in the then new West. Year by year his fortune grew and year by year his position in the public mind advanced in security. Then there came to him a young man from Maryland, Robert Brookings.

Mr. Cupples set him to work as a traveling salesman, through a territory from which results had been far from satisfactory. In a year the territory became one of the most important in the whole West, and in five years the young man was taken into the firm, of which he shortly became the general manager.

Then Mr. Brookings began to suggest ideas for the development of a variety of interests outside of the boundaries of the business. The most important idea was that of building a great public freight station. The plan was laughed at by almost all St. Louis, but was carried out, and what is probably the greatest union freight station in the world is now the trade centre of the city.

Mr Brookings next took an interest in one of the big libraries of the city. He found that it was not in a good way financially, and putting his shoulder to the wheel he placed the enterprise on a good footing. Then he built what is one of the greatest office buildings in St. Louis. His friends tried to have it named after him, but he shook his head and another name went over the marble doorway

About this time Mr. Brookings was elected to the directory of Washington University. Just how much money, in all, he has given to this old institution of learning is not known, but it was not possible for Mr. Brookings and his old friend Mr Cupples to keep secret the fact of their huge gift of $5,000,000. Even then Mr. Brookings would not talk about it He left town when the news got out and went on a vacation

Mr. Brookings is interested in a score of important enterprises. He has a beautiful country place on the banks of the Mississippi and a town house in the Forest Park district of the city. He is a member of many clubs, but spends little of his time at any one of them

A Career that Began in a Joke

The political career of Samuel Alschuler, the present Democratic nominee for the governorship of Illinois, began in a joke. In 1882 "Sam," then not far along in his twenties, had been admitted to the Illinois bar and had hung his shingle from a little office over a clothing store in Aurora, the home of his boyhood, and was having hard scrambling to make ends meet. "Sol" Hirsh was a clerk in the clothing store. "Dick" Corbett, another young man who had grown up in this his native city, was the "local" of the Aurora Daily News, one of the first, chronologically, of many little local dailies that sprang into being in the seventies throughout the Middle West. Corbett, with a salary of seven dollars a week, was probably much richer in ready money than either Alschuler or Hirsh

These three young men were Democrats, in which respect they differed from a very large majority of the voters in their town, county and congressional district. Indeed, there were so few Democrats there that they hardly kept up a party organization; and, excepting in "Presidential" years, they seldom took the trouble to put up either a county or a district ticket. In town matters party politics played no part

One day in the summer of 1882 Sam and Sol and Dick chanced to meet on the street, and, after some good natured political raillery (the few Democrats in Kane County were standing jokes even among themselves), the three repaired to Alschuler's office and held a mock town caucus—a primary, it would now be called. Alschuler was chosen chairman, Hirsh, secretary; and Corbett made the motions. Delegates to an imaginary county convention were chosen and a resolution was adopted instructing them to vote as a unit for the nomination of Alschuler for county judge and Hirsh for county clerk, and, according to the form of instructions in those days, to "use all honorable means to procure the nomination and election of Richard W Corbett to Congress."

Corbett wrote a report of this caucus seriously, as if the thing had been called and conducted in the most regular way. He deftly omitted to say where it was held or how many were present. When this was published that afternoon in the Daily News the people took it as seriously as they ever took anything that the local Democratic party did They poked all manner of fun at the candidates, but nobody questioned the regularity of the caucus. Democrats merely thought they had been recreant to party duty in not knowing, or caring, that there was going to be a caucus, and nobody else, of course, had any interest, save a humorous one, in the matter

When the three saw how well the joke was going they interested some young chaps of their acquaintance in other parts of the county, and managed to get "delegates" enough quietly together to hold a county convention, cut from the same piece as the Aurora caucus. And at last, by merely extending the same methods, they succeeded in holding a similar district convention, at which Corbett was formally—very formally—nominated for Congress

Every newspaper in the district received an official looking report, duly signed and attested by the proper convention authorities, and the nomination was made widely public

Alschuler and Hirsh from that time on had to take most of their enjoyment of the joke vicariously. Their little county nominations did not count for much in the State and nation, but the congressional nominee was a man to consider. And when, a year later, Mr. Cleveland was elected President of the United States, the young man who had "carried the conventions of his town, county and district" knocked down most of the patronage persimmons

But "Sam" has been climbing steadily up the political ladder ever since that memorable Aurora caucus

SAMUEL ALSCHULER

MARY STONE and IDA KAHN

SAMUEL CUPPLES

"I know all about you," she said "I read a long article about you in the papers some months ago"

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF BUTCHER'S COOLLY ETC

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PART III—FIRST CHAPTER

AS THE three went out into the street they confronted a close-packed throng The word had passed along that the Marshal was being "done," and now, singularly silent, the miners awaited the opening of the door

The Marshal called from the doorstep: "It's all right Don't block the street. Break away, boys, break away" The crowd opened to let them pass, fixing curious eyes upon Mose

As the three men crossed the street the woman in the carriage came driving slowly along. Kelly and the Marshal saluted gallantly, but Mose did not even bow

She leaned from her carriage and called

"What's that I hear, Marshal, about your getting shot?"

"All a mistake, madam. I thought I recognized this young man, and was politely ordering him out of town when he pulled his gun and nailed me

The woman turned a smiling face toward Mose. "He must be a wonder. Introduce me, please."

"Certain sure! This is Mrs. Raimon, Mose, Mrs. Raimon, this is my friend, Mose Harding, otherwise known as 'Black Mose'"

"'Black Mose'" she cried, "are *you* that terrible man?"

She reached out her little gloved hand, and as Mose took it her eyes searched his face. "I think we are going to be friends" Her voice was affectedly musical as she added "Come and see me, won't *you*?"

She did not wait for his reply, but drove on with a sudden assumption of reserve which became her very well

The three men walked on in silence. At last, with a curious look at Kelly, the Marshal said: "Young man, you're in luck Anything you want in town is yours now. How about it, Kelly?"

"That's the thrue word of it"

"What do you mean?" asked Mose

"Just this—what the Princess asks for she generally gets. She's taken a fancy to you, and if you're keen as I think you are *you'll call on her without much delay.*"

"Who is she? How does she happen to be here?"

"She came out here with her husband—and stays for love of the mines, I reckon. Anyhow, she has managed to secure some of the best mines in the camp. She works 'em, too. She's a pretty high roller, as they call 'em back in the States, but she helps the poor, and pays her debts like a man, and it's no call o' mine to pass judgment on her."

The Marshal's office was an old log shanty, one of the first to be built on the trail. Passing through the big front room in which two or three men were lounging, the Marshal led his guests to his inner office and sleeping room. A fire was blazing in a big stone fireplace. Skins and dingy blankets were scattered about, and on the mantel stood a bottle and some dirty glasses.

"Sit down, gentlemen," said the Marshal, "and have some liquor."

After they were served and cigars lighted, the Marshal began:

"Mose, I want you to serve as my deputy"

Mose was taken by surprise and did not speak for a few moments. The Marshal went on

"I don't know that you're after a job, but I'm sure I need you. There's no use hemming and hawing—I've made a cussed fool of myself this evenin', and the boys are just about going to drink up my salary for me this coming week. I can't afford *not* to have you my deputy, because you unlimbered your gun a grain of a second before me—beat me at my own trick I need you—now what do you say?"

Mose took time to reply. "I sure need a job for the winter he admitted, "but I don't believe I want to do this."

The Marshal urged him to accept. "I'll call in the newspaper men and let them tell the whole story of your life, and of our little jamboree to-day—they'll fix up a yarn that'll paralyze the hold-up gang. Together we'll swoop down on the town. I've been planning a clean-out for some weeks, and I need you to help me turn 'em loose.'

Mose arose. "I guess not, I'm trying to keep clear of gun-play these days. I've never hunted that kind of thing, and I won't start in on a game that's sure to give me trouble."

The Marshal argued, "Set down, listen; that's the point exactly. The minute the boys know who you are we won't *need* to shoot. That's the reason I want you—the reporters will prepare the way. Wherever we go the 'bad men' will scatter."

But Mose was inexorable. "No, I can't do it. I took just such a job once—I don't want another."

Haney was deeply disappointed, but shook hands pleasantly. "Well, good-night; drop in any time."

Mose went out into the street once more. He was hungry, and so turned in at the principal hotel in the city for a "good square meal." An Italian playing the violin and his boy accompanying him on the harp made up a little orchestra. Some palms in pots, six mirrors set between the windows, together with tall, very new, oak chairs gave the dining room a magnificence which abashed the bold heart of the trailer for a moment.

However, his was not a nature to show timidity, and taking a seat he calmly spread his damp napkin on his knee and gave his order to the colored waiter (the Palace Hotel had the only two colored waiters in Wagon Wheel) with such grace as he could command after long years upon the trail

As he lifted his eyes he became aware of "the Princess" seated at another table and facing him. She seemed older than when he saw her in the carriage. Her face was high colored, and her hair a red-brown. Her eyes were half closed, and her mouth drooped at the corners. Her chin supported on her left hand, which was glittering with jewels, was pushed forward aggressively, and she listened with indifference to the talk of her companion, a dark, smooth featured man, whose face wore a bitter and menacing smile

Mose was oppressed by her glance. She seemed to be looking at him from the shadow as a tigress might glare from her den, and he ate awkwardly, and his food tasted dry and bitter. Ultimately he became angry. Why should this woman, or any woman, stare at him like that? He would have understood her better had she smiled at him—he was not without experience of that sort, but this unwavering glance puzzled and annoyed him

Putting her companion aside with a single gesture, the Princess arose and came over to Mose's table and reached her hand to him. She smiled radiantly of a sudden, and said "How do you do, Mr. Harding; I didn't recognize you at first"

Mose took her hand but did not invite her to join him However, she needed no invitation, and taking a seat opposite, leaned her elbows on the table and looked at him with eyes more inscrutable than ever—despite their nearness. They were a mottled yellow and brown, he noticed, unusual and interesting eyes, but by contrast with the clear deeps of Mary's eyes they seemed like those of some beautiful wild beast. He could not penetrate a thousandth part of a hair line beyond the exterior shine of her glance. The woman's soul was in the unfathomable shadow beneath

"I know all about you," she said. "I read a long article about you in the papers some months ago. You stood off a lot of bogus game wardens who were going to butcher some Shoshones. I liked that. The article said you killed a couple of them. I hope you did."

Mose was very short "I don't think any of them died at my hands, but they deserved it, sure enough"

She smiled again. "After seeing you on the street, I went home and looked up that slip—I saved it, you see. I've wanted to see you for a long time. You've had a wonderful life. This article raked up a whole lot of stuff about you—said you were the son of a preacher—is that so?"

"Yes, that part of it was true"

"Same old story, isn't it? I'm the daughter of a college professor—sectarian college at that" She smiled a moment, then became as suddenly grave. "I like men. I like men who face danger and think nothing of it. The article said you came West when a mere boy and got mixed up in some funny business on the plains and had to take a sneak to the mountains. What have you been doing since? I wish you'd tell me the whole story. Come to my house; it's just around the corner.

As she talked her voice became more subtly pleasing, and the lines of her mouth took on a touch of girlish grace

"I haven't time to do that," Mose said, "and, besides, my story don't amount to much. You don't want to believe all they say of me I've just knocked around a little like a thousand other fellows, that's all. I pull out to-night I'm looking up an old friend down here on a ranch.

She saw her mistake. "All right," she said, and smiled radiantly. "But come some other time, won't you?" She was so winning, so frank and kindly that Mose experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling. A powerful charm came from her superb physique, her radiant color, and from her beautiful, flexile lips and sound, white teeth. He hesitated, and she pressed her advantage

You needn't be afraid of me. The boys often drop in to see me of an evening. If I can be of any use to you let me know. I'll tell you what you do. You take supper with me here to-morrow night. What say?"

Mose looked across at the scowling face of the woman's companion and said hesitatingly: "Well, I'll see If I have time—maybe I will"

She smiled again and impulsively reached her hand to him, and as he took it he was nearly won by her friendliness This she did not know, and he was able to go out into the street alone. He could not but observe that the attendants treated him with added respect by reason of his acquaintance with the wealthiest and most powerful woman in the camp She had made his loneliness very keen and hard to bear

As he walked down the street he thought of Mary—she seemed to be a sister to the distant, calm and glorious moon just launching into the sky above the serrate wall of snowy peaks to the East. There was a powerful appeal in the vivid and changeful woman he had just met, for her like had never touched his life before

As he climbed back up the hill toward the corral where he had left his horse, he was filled with a wordless disgust of the town and its people. The night was still and cool, almost frosty. The air so clear and so rare filled his lungs with wholesomely sweet and reanimating breath. His head cleared, and his heart grew regular in its beating. The moon was sailing in mid-ocean between the Great Divide and the Cristo Range, cold and sharp of outline as a boat of silver. Lizard Head to the south loomed up ethereal as a cloud, so high it seemed to crash among the stars. The youth drew a deep breath and said: "To —— with the town"

Kintuck whinnied caressingly as he heard his master's voice. After putting some grain before the horse, Mose rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep with only a passing thought of the Princess, and her radiant and inscrutable personality

SECOND CHAPTER—AGAIN ON THE ROUND-UP

It was good to hear again the bawling of the bulls and the shouts of the cowboys, and to see the swirling herd and the flying, guarding, checking horsemen. Mose, wearied, weather-beaten and somber-visaged, looked down upon the scene with musing eyes. The action was quite like that on the Arickaree; the setting alone was different. Here the valley was a wide, deliciously green bowl, with knobby hills, pine-covered and abrupt, rising on all sides. Farther back great snow-covered peaks rose to enormous heights. In the centre of this superb basin the camps were pitched, and the roping and branding went on like the action of a prodigious drama. The sun setting in orange colored clouds brought out the velvet green of the sward with marvelous radiance The tents gleamed in the valley like flakes of pearl

The heart of the wanderer warmed within him, and with a feeling that he was almost home he called to his pack-horse, "Hy-ak-boy!" and started down the hill. As he drew near the herd he noted the great changes which had come over the cattle. They were now nearly all grades of Hereford or Holstein. They were larger of body, heavier of limb and less active than the range cattle of the plains, but were sufficiently speedy to make handling them a fine art

As he drew near the camp a musical shout arose, and Reynolds spurred his horse out to meet him "It's Mose!" he shouted. "Boy, I'm glad to see ye; I certainly am Shake hearty. Where ye from?"

"The Wind River"

"What have you been doing up there?"

"Oh, knocking around with some Shoshones on a hunting trip"

"Well, by mighty, I certainly am glad to see ye. You look thin as a spring steer."

"My looks don't deceive me then. My two sides are rubbing together. How are the folks?"

They all very well, thank you. Cora and Pink will certainly go plumb crazy when they see you a-comin'."

"Where's your house?"

"Just over that divide—but slip your packs off Old Kintuck looks well; I knew him when you topped the hill."

"Yes, he's still with me, and considerable of a horse yet."

They drew up to the door of one of the main tents and slipped the saddles from the weary horses

"Do ye hobble?"

"No—they stay with me," said Mose, slapping Kintuck "Go on, boy; here's grass worth while for ye."

"By mighty, Mose," said Reynolds, looking at the trailer tenderly, "it certainly is good for sore eyes to see ye. I didn't know but you'd got mixed up an' done for in some of them squabbles. I heard the State authorities had gone out to round up that band of reds you was with."

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16, and will be concluded with the fifteenth installment.

"We did have one brush with the Sheriff and some game wardens. The Sheriff was for fight, but I argued him out of it. It looked like hot weather for a while."

While they were talking the cook set up a couple of precarious benches and laid a wide board thereon. Mose remarked it:

"A table! Seems to me that's a little highfalutin'."

"So it is, but times are changing."

"I reckon the range on the Arickaree is about wiped out."

"Yes. We had a couple of years with rain a-plenty, and that brought a boom in settlement, everything along the river was homesteaded, and so I retreated—the range was overstocked anyhow. This time I climbed high. I reckon I'm all right now while I live. They can't raise co'n in this high country, and not much of anything but grass. They won't bother us no mo'. It's a good cattle country, but a mighty tough range to ride, as you'll find. I thought I knew what rough riding was, but when it comes to racin' over these granite knobs, I'm jest a little too old."

"*Grub pile! All dozen for grub!*" yelled the cook, and the boys came trooping in. They were all strangers, but not strange to Mose. They conformed to types he already knew. Some were young lads, and, the word having passed around that "Black Mose" was in camp, they approached with awe. The man whose sinister fame had spread throughout three States was a very great personage to them.

"Did you come by way of Wagon Wheel?" inquired a tall youth whom the others called "Brindle Bill."

"Yes, camped there one night," was the quiet reply of Mose.

"Ain't it a caution to valler snakes? Must be nigh on to fifteen thousand people there now. The hills is plumb measly with prospect holes, and you can't look at a rock f'r less'n a thousand dollars. It shore is the craziest town that ever went anywhere."

"Bill's got the fever," said another. "He just about wears hisself out a-pickin' up and a-totein' 'round likely lookin' rocks. Seems like he was lookin' fer gold mines 'stid o' cattle most of the time."

"You're just in time for the turnament, Mose."

"For the how-many?"

"The turnament and bull fight. Joe Grassie has been gettin' up a bull fight and a kind of a show. He 'lows to bring up some regular fighters from Mexico and have a real, sure 'nough bull fight. Then he's offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best roper, and fifty dollars for the best shooter."

"I didn't happen to hear of it, but I'm due to take that fifty; I need it," said Mose.

"He 'lows to have some races—pony races and bronco bustin'."

"When does it come off?" asked Mose with interest.

"On the fourth."

"I'll be there."

After supper was over Reynolds said: "Are you too tired to ride over to the ranch?"

"Oh, no! I'm all right now."

"Well, I'll just naturally throw the saddles on a couple of broncos and we'll go see the folks."

Mose felt a warm glow around his heart as he trotted away beside Reynolds across the smooth sod. His affection for the Reynolds family was scarcely second to his boyish love for Mr. and Mrs. Burns.

It was dark before they came in sight of the light in the narrow valley of the Mink. "There's the camp," said Reynolds. "No, I didn't build it, it's an old ranch; in fact, I bought the whole outfit."

Mrs. Reynolds had not changed at all in the three years, but Cora had grown handsomer and seemed much less timid, though she blushed vividly as Mose shook her hand.

"I'm glad to see you back," she said.

Moved by an unusual emotion, Mose replied: "You haven't pined away."

"Pined!" exclaimed her mother. "Well, I should say not. You should see her when Jim Haynes——"

"Mother!" called the girl sharply, and Pink, now a beautiful child of eight, came opportunely into the room and drew the conversation to herself.

As Mose, with Pink at his knee, sat watching the two women moving about the table, a half-formed resolution arose in his brain. He was weary of wandering, weary of loneliness. This comfortable, homely room, this tender little form in his arms, made an appeal to him which was as powerful as it was unexpected. He had lived so long in his blanket, with only Kintuck for company, that at this moment it seemed as if these were the best things to do—to stay with Reynolds, to make Cora happy, and to rest. He had seen all phases of wild life and had carried out his plans to see the wonders of America. He had crossed the Painted Desert and camped beside the Colorado in the greatest cañon in the world. He had watched the Mokis while they danced with live rattlesnakes held between their lips. He had explored the cliff dwellings of the Navajo country and had looked upon the sea of peaks which tumbles away in measureless majesty from Uncompahgre's eagle-crested dome. He had peered into the boiling springs of the Yellowstone and had lifted his eyes to the white Tetons whose feet are set in a mystic lake, around which the loons laugh all the summer long. He knew the chiefs of a dozen tribes and was a welcome guest among them. In his own mind he was no longer young—his youth was passing, perhaps the time had come to settle down.

Cora turned suddenly from the table, where she stood arranging the plates and knives and forks with a pleasant bustle, and said:

"Oh, Mose, we've got two or three letters for you. We've had 'em ever so long—I don't suppose they will be of much good to you now. I'll get them for you."

"They look old," he said as he took them from her hand. "They look as if they'd been through the war." The first was from his father, the second from Jack, and the third—in a woman's hand—could only be Mary's. He stared at it—almost afraid to open it in the presence of the family. He read the one from his father first, because he conceived it less important, and because he feared the other.

My Dear Son: I am writing to you through Jack, as I [illegible] he does not feel sure we can reach you. I want to let you know of the death of Mrs. Excell. She died very [illegible] pneumonia. She was always careless of her footwear and went out in the snow, to hang out some linen without her rubber shoes. We did everything that could be done, but she only lived six days after the exposure. Life is very hard for me now. I write also to say that as I am now alone and in bad health I shall accept a call to Sweetwater Springs, Colorado, for two reasons. One is that my health may be regained, and for the reason, also, my dear son, that I may be nearer you. If this reaches you and you can come to see me I hope you will do so. I am lonely now and I long for you. The parish is small and the pay meager, but that will not matter if I can see you occasionally. Maud and her little family are well. I go to my new church in April. Your father,

JOHN EXCELL.

For a moment this letter made Mose feel his father's loneliness, and had he not held in his hand two other and more important letters he would have replied with greater tenderness than ever before in his life.

"Well, Mose, set up," said Mrs. Reynolds [illegible] keep."

He was distracted all through the meal in spite of the incessant questioning of his good friends. They were determined to uncover every act of his long years of wandering.

"Yes," he said, "I've been hungry and cold, but I always looked after my horse, and so, when I struck a cow country I could whirl in and earn some money. It don't take much to keep me when I'm on the trail."

"What's the good of seem' so much?" asked Mrs. Reynolds.

He smiled a slow, musing smile. "Oh, I don't know. The more you see the more you want to see. Just now I feel like taking a little rest."

Cora smiled at him. "I wish you would. You look like a starved cat—you ought'o let us feed you up for a while."

"Spoil me for the trail," he said, but his eyes conveyed a message of gratitude for her sympathy, and she flushed again.

After supper Mrs. Reynolds said: "Now if you want to read your letters by yourself, you can." She opened a door and he looked in.

"A bed! I haven't slept in a bed for two years."

"Well, it won't kill ye for one night, I reckon," she said.

He looked around the little room, at the dainty lace curtains tied with little bows of ribbon, at the pictures and lambrequins, and it filled his heart with a sudden stress of longing. It made him remember the pretty parlor in which Mary had received him four years before, and he opened her letter with a tremor in his hands. It was dated the Christmas day of the year of his visit; it was more than [illegible] years belated, but he read it as if it were written the day before, and it moved him quite as powerfully.

My Dear Friend. The impulse to write to you has grown stronger day by day since you left. Your wonderful life and your words appealed to my imagination with such power that I have been unable to put them out of my mind. Without intending to do so you have filled me with a great desire to see the West which is able to make you forget your family and friends and calls you on long journeys. I have sung for you every Sunday as I promised to do. Your friend Jack called to see me last night and we had a long talk about you. He is to write you also and gave me your probable address. You said you were not a good writer, but I wish you would let me know where you are and what you are doing, for I feel a deep [illegible] though I cannot make [illegible] are not the Hazel [illegible] River. In reality you are not he, any more than I am the little prig who sang those songs to save your soul! However, I was not so bad as I seemed even then, for I wanted you to admire my voice.

"I hope this Christmas day finds you in a warm and sheltered place. It would be a great comfort to me if I could know you were not cold and hungry. Jack brought me a beautiful present—a set of George Eliot. I ought not to have accepted it, but he seemed so sure it would please me I had not the heart to refuse. I would send something to you only I can't feel sure of finding you, and neither does Jack.

"It may be of interest to you to know that Mr. King the pastor, in whose church I sang, has resigned his pastorate to go abroad for a year. His successor is a man with a family—I don't see how he will manage to live on the salary. Mr. King had independent means and was a bachelor."

Right there the youth stopped. Something told him that he had reached the heart of the woman's message. King had resigned to go abroad. Why? The tone of the letter was studiedly cold. Why? There were a few more lines to say that Jack was coming in to eat Christmas dinner with her and that she would sing If I Were a Voice. He was not super subtle, and yet something in this letter made his throat fill and his head a little dizzy. If it did not mean that she had broken with King, then truth could not be conveyed in lines of black ink.

He tore open Jack's letter. It was short and to the point:

"*Dear Hazel:* If you can get away come back to Marion and see Mary again. She wants to see you *bad*. I don't know what has happened but I *think* she has given King his walking-papers—and all on account of you. *I know it.* It can't be anybody else. She talked of you the entire evening. Oh man! but she was beautiful. She sang for me, but her mind was away in the mountains. I could see that. It was her interest in you made her so nice to me. Now, that's the whole truth. Come back and get her.

"Yours in haste, JACK."

Mose tingled with the sudden joy of it. Jack's letter, so unlike his usual calm, was convincing. He sprang up, a smile on his face, his eyes shining with happiness, his blood surging through his heart, and then he remembered the letters were three years old! The cloud settled down upon him—his limbs grew cold, and the light went out of his eyes.

(Continued on Page 19)

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FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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Starting Right as Freshmen

AS I LOOK almost daily in the faces of so many college and university students from their entrance to their graduation, I may say a few words to those who are about to leave the schools and academies and to enter one of the many good colleges. For indeed at the time when I passed my examinations, years ago, I was much in the dark as to what college courses and college life were. There was a certain pride and elation in thinking that I was ready to take that advanced step; a certain fear that I might not prove capable of the new life and its duties, and not a little ignorance of what it all meant and whither it all led. But that the four years at college may be of the happiest in every young man's life, we may easily see. It matters not whether it is my college that was, or yours that is to be. Each in the coming years can listen contentedly to the other's college "cheer" and say to himself

"Flows Yarrow sweet—
As sweet, as sweet flows Tweed"

As soon as you enter college you begin to direct your life and to govern yourself more than ever before. College life is a complex one, a miniature of the larger world later. The organization of your college class; the election of its officers, the relations to other classes; the literary societies and fraternity houses, if such there be; life in the dormitories; the debating unions, athletic exercises and contests; the adjustment of work to recreation—all bring into relief and develop the qualities of the entering college student

You are to meet teachers, unknown before; classmates for the first time, to make new and lasting friendships; for rarely are lasting friendships made after leaving the [illegible]

How are they to be the happiest four years and the most useful—and, therefore, the happiest, too? Kipling tells the story in not many words of what the first great step must be; a step which, once taken and firmly trodden into a habit, brings with it power, influence, the greatest happiness. That habit is truthfulness, self respect, cleanliness—the unstained shield. So that when you go home between terms, whether freshman or senior, your "mother may sit down upon your bedside, and you may talk together for a long hour, as mother and son should, if there is to be any future to the Empire." Nothing else can stand, where power and promptness and instant decision are required, but purity of thought and life. As vice goes down in the unequal struggle with self-respect, so the young athlete who can talk that long hour with his mother is a certain victor over him who cannot and in all relationships of college life, when instant and right decision is required, only so can you be sure to make, and naturally, that one which self respect compels. I have seen a college man, whose life had gone astray, make in an emergency the wrong choice; and another, in a similar situation, instantly the right one

It seems to me that one of the chief habits which a freshman should try to form is the doing each and every day that special and particular day's work, and not to let it double up on him. You begin right from force of resolution, relax or let up in work, and then try to make it up toward examinations. The steady pull, completing each day that day's work of study, is what counts most and best.

There are, relatively, not many college men, increasing as their number is. I am a firm believer in them, their work, their mission. I appeal to them to seek out the best that is in them by steadfastness and self respect

—C. C. HARRISON,
Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

Is China's Case Hopeless?

IF THERE is any truth in the fancy that ears will burn while their owner is being talked about, the collective ears of China must have been ablaze during the past few weeks. Everything ever written derogatory to Chinese character and capacity has been dragged again into print, and the civilized world has been assured that China is determined to remain suspicious, semi-barbarous, tricky, isolated and unchanging.

Within the memory of men not yet old the world was talking in exactly the same way of Japan, a nation then less known and less progressive than the China of to-day. The first modern treaty with Japan was extorted about forty-five years ago, and literally at the cannon's mouth. At that time the feudal system prevailed, the great lords fought one another for amusement or sports and frequently rose against the general government, which was as weak as that of China. The Emperor, like the nominal ruler of China, was an autocrat and "The Son of Heaven," at whom no ordinary mortal was allowed to look; like China's Emperor he was also a puppet in the hands of a real ruler and a court circle. The people were as ill fed, ignorant and suspicious as the Chinese of to-day; neither their lives nor possessions were respected. They dressed in long gowns like the Chinese, wore their hair in a manner compared with which the Celestial's pigtail is a thing of beauty, regarded magic as an actual and transcendent power and believed all foreigners were "devils." The members of the first Japanese Embassy to the United States were in appearance as comical as any band of buffoons, and their manner was as conceited, stolid and suspicious as that of a lot of prairie Indians. For years after the treaty ports were opened there was intense hatred of the foreigner and his religion. Yet to-day Japan ranks with the civilized nations; the Emperor, who is his own master, dresses like an American gentleman as do most of his subjects who can afford it; he has granted a constitution, of which his people are very proud and fond, the rights of rich and poor alike are protected by law, cruel punishments have been abolished, the foreigner's life is as safe as it would be in any civilized country, all religions are tolerated, some vices and bad customs supposed to be inherent are abating rapidly, all good customs of civilization are being accepted and most of the bad ones are being avoided. The changes, which were not effected without friction, began at the top, among the great nobles, and the other classes followed their [illegible]

China is known to contain many would-be reformers, some of whom are men of natural force and high character. Their task is no greater than was that of the men who reconstructed Japan, for when they become predominant at court, as they almost were a year ago and would now be but for the reactionary measures of the Dowager Empress, reform by edict will be sudden, as it was in Japan.

With our knowledge of Japan's marvelous and rapid change for the better, the American mind can well afford to believe that China, too, will suddenly and at no distant date assume an honorable place among the great nations.

LOUIS HALLECK TON

The fight against bosses will never be entirely won, because there will always be more bosses.

The Davids and the Trust Goliaths

THERE is one thing in the trust question which is often lost sight of, and that is the probability that the trust will overleap itself and fall on the other side. Already there have been several instances of this since the present year began. In one case the trust had combined old mills and old machinery at many times their value and had set forth to make the public pay enormous interest on the swelled capital, and the consequence was that before the larger trust knew what was happening it was knocked to pieces.

More of this sort of thing must necessarily follow. The abnormal cannot continue forever. The normal must in the end win out, and it will not be long before many of the big organizations will find that they have placed upon their backs burdens too heavy for them to carry. Of course there are trusts that are exceptions to this, because they have got such a hold on the things that people must have and must use that they may be able to continue indefinitely

But it stands to reason that in the industrial future of the world the newest, the latest and the best will win the victory One thing about a very big concern is that it is not always progressive. It is satisfied with its size until competition suddenly makes it realize that it has been too slow. Possibly we may expect more in the way of trust smashing from the inventors and artisans than from the parties and pol[illegible]

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

A great party is not always to be judged by the quality of its band music.

The Drift of Our Drama

AN EDITORIAL in a recent number of a popular magazine on the degradation of the stage in America has been widely quoted and freely commented upon. It is a vigorous arraignment of the sensational drama, the writer arguing that the scheme is "to make money by pandering to vice at the cost of the wholesale demoralization of the youth who are to be the backbone of the American nation of the future." A London newspaper in commenting upon this editorial says that "the writer charges American dramatists with being not only incapable of appreciating what is intellectual, instructive, wholesome or inspiring, but addicted naturally to what is morbid, abnormal, audacious, startling or unclean."

The writer of the editorial does nothing of the sort. It is the American manager whom he accuses of pandering to vice. He does not mention the American dramatist. He knows that it is the foreign playwright who pollutes our stage. The American playwrights, with one or two conspicuous exceptions, write clean plays. Bronson Howard, William Gillette, Augustus Thomas, James A. Herne, shining lights in the American galaxy, have never touched upon the "morbid, abnormal, audacious, startling or unclean." Their plays are wholesome, and, I am glad to add, popular. Unclean plays have their little day, usually in New York; then they go, and are forgotten. But only one of them has been the work of an American dramatist.

While there is an audience for unclean plays, there is a larger audience for those that are clean. The greatest successes have been made with such plays as The Little Minister, Barbara Frietchie, The Prisoner of Zenda, The Pride of Jennico, The Old Homestead, Shore Acres, Way Down East, Shenandoah, and to go farther back, Hazel Kirke and Young Mrs. Winthrop. Any manager will tell you that there is a fortune in plays of homely life. It is because of its homeliness that Caleb West has been made into a play

All the "book plays" that are announced for early production are clean—To Have and To Hold, Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith, David Harum and The Adventures of François. All of these are American plays, which goes to prove that, given a chance, the American dramatist will redeem the condition of the theatre, which by some is now regarded as a "national peril"

—JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

He who takes no risks takes no prizes.

Dyspepsia on Record

FROM the first, at its core, humanity has been sound, yet every age has its faults and vices which furnish excellent bones for the sour-minded critics and dyspeptic satirists to pick. "We like the distinction of being exceptionally bad," said a distinguished lecturer the other evening, "and so we manage to leave in print exaggerated records of our lapses from correct living" Whether this is so or not, we have but to cast our vision back into the not distant past in order to see that, while the world has been steadily growing better, each generation has had its fault finders who thought it their duty to show that their contemporaries were debauched and degraded beyond salvation.

In Shakespeare's time the satirists and Jeremiahs were no more insistent than in Pope's. Addison found as much to condemn in the manners and morals of his generation as Roger Ascham could point out in his. Horace Walpole, in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, said: "The pretty men of the age in England use the women with no more deference than they do their coach horses." If we now read the fiction of Smollett, Fielding, Swift and Defoe, the inevitable impression arrives that the manners and morals of the age in which they wrote were wholly bad. Very early in the eighteenth century Steele wrote in the Tatler, assaulting the men of his time with almost unlimited accusation as "rakes, debauchees, . . . atheists and illiterate drunkards" Lord Hervey, in his Memoirs of George II, says: "The whole town of London, and many towns in the country, swarmed with drunken people of both sexes from morning till night." This was not describing a special scene, but rather a continuous condition of the time

One would think, to read Walpole, Addison, Steele, Mrs. Delany and the Newgate Calendar, that England of the eighteenth century was but a den of *roués*, debauchees, robbers, murderers and gamblers It is said that good news is truant, while bad news never lags. Doubtless the evil side of life has a way of leaving its impress on the outmost salients of history. What if our own time were, in the long future, measured by the novels of Tolstoi, Ibsen, Thomas Hardy, Flaubert and Zola! Would not the historian a hundred years hence, with nothing to go by but these "mirrors of contemporary morals," as they have been called, be pretty sure to set our manners and morals down as even worse than those of the first half of the eighteenth century? It is a curious fact, not sufficiently recognized by critics, that the satirist, from the very nature of his business, sees well-nigh nothing but the most aggressive and exceptional evils of his time. Once we begin grumbling there is no end to what we see to whet the grumbler's ax withal. Walpole busied himself very little with depicting the honor, virtue, noble aims and splendid achievements of mankind in his day. Carlyle undertook the colossal task of scolding his contemporaries into a pulp. Read his books and you must conclude that the nineteenth century had a few incomparable heroes and about a billion rascals! Of course, we are not disappointed when we find out that Carlyle's life was one long, incurable attack of indigestion—that his dyspepsia was the largest fact of his experience.

Indeed, we must take the written records with some large grains of salt. Every age has its evils; but in no age has destructive evil overmatched constructive good. Steadily, step by step, the growth of civilization has urged forward and upward all the best aspirations of mankind. The fine spirit of right has built more safely and more solidly than the spirit of wrong.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Regretting money spent on vacation does not pay gas bills.

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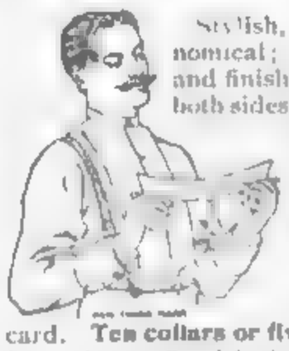

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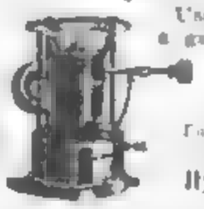

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

AFTER the thirteenth of next January the exile system in Siberia, with the exception of the extreme northeastern province, will be abolished. The news has been received everywhere with applause. Russia thus ends one of the worst barbarities of the century and moves closer to the front line of civilization

For nearly one hundred years the exile system has been in effect. Over a million—some say two million—people, of whom fifteen per cent. were women, have been deported to the Siberian mines and prisons a fate which has often been worse than death Of these only a comparatively small percentage remain, so that of the total population of Siberia to-day only five per cent. are exiles Unquestionably Russia's action, following upon the opening of the country through the new Trans-Siberian Railroad, will contribute greatly to Siberia's growth and will at once give it a new place in the world by removing from it the stigma of a prison land

The modern world, in mitigating its punishments and in contributing to the liberty of the individual, is moving distinctly forward, and we have only to look back a bit to find how great this progress has been during the past half century

The Decline of Deportation

This action of Russia leaves few remains of the old exile system in the world

In the last century transportation or deportation or exile, or by whatever name it may be known, was the favorite mode of punishment, and during the first part of the present century Great Britain used it extensively Australia was the dumping ground of English convicts for years. Bermuda and Gibraltar were also used, but gradually Great Britain abandoned the practice as being contrary to justice and humanity

Some of the other countries still have penal colonies. Italy tried the plan on the African coast of the Red Sea, but the thousand convicts sent died so quickly that the project was abandoned. Portugal has convict settlements on the east and west coasts of Africa and on the coast of India. France has penal colonies in New Caledonia in the Pacific and in French Guiana, both of which are called blots upon French civilization. Spain's prisons at Ceuta and at Fernando Po on the coast of Africa are described as the most horrible in the world

It is only a question of time when all these will be abandoned

When Russia Freed the Serfs

Not since Alexander II of Russia signed the Emancipation Act has there been any action taken by the Russian Government to give so much satisfaction as this abolition of the Siberian exile system

"On the third of March, 1861," wrote a historian, "the Emancipation Act was signed The rustic population then consisted of 22,000,000 of common slaves, 3,000,000 of appanage peasants and 23,000,000 of crown peasants

The first class were enfranchised by that act and a separate law has since been passed in favor of the crown peasants and appanage peasants, who are now as free in fact as they formerly were in name. A certain portion of land, varying in different provinces according to the soil and climate, was affixed to every 'soul,' and government aid was promised to the peasants in buying their homesteads and allotments "

This was Russia's great step in the present century, but still the horrors of Siberia and its exile system remained to shame her before the world

Now that that too has been done away with, and, now that Russia is taking such a stupendous part in modern industry and transportation, we have a new agent in civilization, not only working for the world but improving herself as she labors.

The Prison Reformers

The major part of the credit for the improvement of prison conditions and the amelioration of punishments in all parts of the world is due to those good people who, singly and through their societies, have worked for the improvement of humanity In this country we have a splendid prison organization, and in other parts of the world there are similar associations which have labored unremittingly for the abolition of unjust and inhuman forms of punishment This work at first seemed chimerical to many, but those engaged in it went forward patiently and perseveringly, gathered facts, perfected arguments, and thus in time wrought changes which at first seemed impossible. To them the highest credit is due, for they gave not only all their time and ability, but also their means, that the lot of the offenders might be improved. There is no brighter chapter of perseverance and unselfishness in the history of philanthropy than the work of the prison reformers

Neither Slave Nor Throne

After the Civil War had abolished slavery in the United States there remained in Brazil nearly three millions of slaves. Their financial value was many millions

The movement against slavery had begun and had advanced with a vigor that reached the southern part of the hemisphere and had its effect among the Brazilians. Hence there came the Brazil Act of Emancipation, which was passed on the twenty-eighth of September, 1871, and from that date it was enacted that "children henceforth born of slave women shall be of free condition." This emancipation, however, was not complete, for the children were not actually free until they were twenty one years old, but it was so arranged that they might be gradually released from bondage, and thus it happened that in a little more than three years the law had liberated almost one half of the slaves

Then, in 1883, an abolition movement started in different localities and gained momentum until on the twenty-eighth of September 1885, the Brazilians passed a new emancipation act which hastened the extension of freedom. On March 30, 1887, the number of slaves in Brazil was officially placed at 723 419 and their legal value was reported as $185,225,212. The next year the abolition of slavery was completed and the Congress of Brazil refused to consider any bill looking to compensation to the slave owners

This event was hailed by the civilized world with the utmost satisfaction, especially in the United States, and afterward, when a Republic succeeded a monarchy in the government of Brazil, the proud boast was made that neither a slave nor a throne existed in the Western hemisphere.

Tempering the Punishments

The tendency in all civilized countries is toward mitigation of all punishments. In this country, for instance, the death penalty is forbidden by law in Colorado, Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin Iowa once abolished it but afterward restored it. In eighteen States, on the recommendation of the jury, life imprisonment may be substituted by the court for the death penalty

Another improvement is the method of inflicting the penalty. In New York and Ohio electricity is used with excellent results, and in other States, with one or two exceptions, the hangings are as private as possible

The number of legal executions in this country every year varies from 110 to 130—rather a small total when we remember that the homicides number between seven and eight thousand annually

Some of the other countries, such as Brazil, Holland, Portugal and Switzerland, have abolished capital punishment. Those who study the statistics declare that not enough is known as yet to decide whether or not the step is a wise one, but unquestionably the movement is in that direction

Giving the Prisoners a Chance

In the other punishments reform is constantly at work. Delaware has a whipping-post and in Maryland there is a whipping-post for the punishment of wife-beaters, but outside of these two instances all the old forms of bodily punishment have been abolished

Much good is being done in treating many of the offenders against society as morally diseased; and thus we have prison sanitariums for these offenders. The reform schools which now exist in nearly every State are doing a wonderful work in converting young criminals into decent citizens.

When we compare our present prison laws with those of half a century ago we find contrasts fully as bad as the Russia of the past and the Russia of to-day; so in this respect the century is ending with credit to the nations, and to the people who have lived through its great and glorious days

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The Forfeit of the Manor

By Clinton Ross

I

COLONEL THOMAS BURTON, Commissioner of Congress, had before him a most delicate task that July afternoon of 1783. He was to inform the heiress of the Manor of Van Ostram, which included many goodly acres lining the Hudson, that her property was confiscate to the State; for Mistress Dorothy Van Ostram was the last of a family—her father and her brothers killed in the war, and a cousin exile in Nova Scotia—most troublous partisans of the King. And of herself, Nicholas Van Ostram's daughter, after her succession to the estate many a story was told: how she had contributed money and men and her influence to the king; how bitter her tongue against the rebels. At a time when many loyalists were paying for their part, the intriguer and malcontent, mistress of the Manor of Van Ostram, could not be forgotten.

So it was that Colonel Burton was on the mission of that July day. Not a pleasant mission; not alone because she was a woman, but because he thought she once had done him a service, and for certain other reasons of his own.

As he rode up to the manor house, he remembered a dreary, snowy twilight long ago.

He threw his bridle to his servant and clanged the knocker. A curtsying maid—for poverty had curtailed the men-servants—admitted him and ushered him into a broad room. He was seated before the hearth musing with his displeasing memories, when the maid returned and told him that Mistress Van Ostram was pleased to see him.

He rose as the lady entered, his heart beating violently, but she showed no recognition.

"Be seated, sir, pray, and to relieve you of embarrassment I will tell you I am aware of [illegible]."

"I apologize for it," quoth he.

"'Tis the turn of war," said she with her eyes on the fields beyond the windows.

"We who were loyal must suffer—must give up things that are dear—as the Americans have given up their king," she ended with spirit.

"Yet, Mistress, I think that with you there is a way to keep your estates—nay, two ways," said he, half boldly, half timidly.

"And why," she cried passionately, "should not I, who have given up father, brothers, my own dearest blood and kin—why should not I give up these acres—all that's left me?"

"Will you listen to a story?"

"I am not overmuch anxious," quoth the lady.

"I promise it shall not be too long."

"I pray you, Colonel Burton, do not think that we who have lost our cause have lost also our manners," said she, more graciously.

"Nay, nay, Mistress Van Ostram," said he, thinking her wondrous pretty and spirited. "I crave your patience, and my story—bearing, you will see, on your perplexity—I soon shall have done."

And this was what he told.

II

A MAN had been riding hard of a December day through that very county, taking the back ways, and with the import of his message deep in his thoughts; for on its success depended much for General Washington. He had been hours in the saddle, was jaded and beset with forebodings. The whole world seemed as drear as this wintry scene about; the clouds low and cold, the whole aspect sour. And now, as he passed through a bare-limbed forest, it was all a hopeless struggle, he thought, for what, indeed, could these Colonists do, worn as they were by the long war, against the might of Great Britain?

He had been through many narrow and depressing risks in the course of that venturesome ride; twice had he been within a hair's breadth of capture, and now the third chance would come. Were he taken with the trappings of a King's sergeant on him he would be judged a spy. He knew that well, but it was not this matter that so much affected him, for he was young—a gentleman indeed a Burton of Culpeper. The glow of strong blood usually was in him, but now all his strength of body and spirit was at the lowest.

The road broadened, the forest opened, and the horse, that no longer obeyed the spur, bore his rider into an open country, where, in a stretching, snow-covered field, stood a pretentious looking house.

He paused to consider, for he was not sure of the way. This must be Van Ostram manor house. He was five miles out of his way. A mile farther and he should come on the Boar's Head. But he must ask.

So he rode up to the house, dismounted and sounded the knocker. A long silence followed the clatter, and then at last there came shambling steps, and an old black appeared who told him that he was right in his conjecture and that the Boar's Head was a mile farther. He thought he had a glimpse of a woman's face from the recesses of the hall, but he could not be sure. 'Twas one of those fleeting impressions that might or might not be truth.

He rode on in the blinding snow and gathering darkness. Heavy with sleep when he reached the inn, he was looked on suspiciously, but his uniform secured him the host's favor. Yet, when he tried to get a fresh mount, he failed, and knowing that before he could proceed farther his horse and he must have rest, he saw to its stabling and then went in to supper. He was served by the host's daughter, a buxom lass, who watched him out of curious eyes.

He went to his room and sat down there crestfallen—and more than half asleep. He noted the galloping of a horse and that it fell still again except for noisy voices from the tap-room.

He must get on, but how? His anxiety would not suffer him to think of bed, drowsy as he was. He must have sat there in stupid perplexity for a full hour, when there was a low, hesitating knock.

The door was pushed open and he saw by the flickering candle a girl, dressed simply, like the maid who had served him, but not that maid, indeed. This was not one who would drop a curtsy, but rather one who would command it of another.

She closed the door and stood in the room.

"I know who you are," quoth the maid "you are Colonel Burton, carrying dispatches. You are a spy; you are in the King's uniform."

He looked at her quickly.

"Do I look like that officer?" he asked, not knowing what to expect.

"I know you are he," replied the maid, "and in twenty minutes this place will be overcrowded with troopers.'

'You come to warn me, but I cannot go on; my horse is nearly dead," said he.

"I know, and I have a fresh one in the lane back of the inn."

He looked at her in surprise, and then

You are doing your country a service."

"Not because I am of your side," said she, quite disdainfully.

"And why, then?"

She was speaking as a lady of breeding, and he saw that she was no maid of the inn, though her simple gown so proclaimed her.

"Let it be enough that I do not care to see a daring man run down like a fox."

"Thank you, Mistress," said Burton. "I have little time."

"Yes; hurry, oh, hurry, I pray you."

He took his pistols and followed her down a back stair and out by a little door into the stable yard. As the snow beat on their faces he heard a great clattering of hoofs.

"They are here," she said.

And she hurried, he following, till they reached a lane and presently came on to a horse tied to a fence, saddled and ready.

"You have done General Washington a great service," quoth he.

I am sorry for that," said she bitterly.

'And perchance saved my life," said he.

'It may be a woman's nature to save any one that's hunted," said she.

'And I saw you in the hall of the manor' he persisted.

"Yes—you may have," she answered.

"You knew that they were after me?"

"I knew they were hunting the country for a spy, and I suspected that he might be you."

Then, as if suddenly remembering the part she was playing and which she had forgotten in her excitement, she again was the maid of the inn.

"Lord, sir; you don t know but I have a sweetheart on the other side. But hurry!"

The last words were not those of the class she feigned.

He fumbled with the tying strap and then caught her hand and held it.

"But they will discover you," he said.

"No; they cannot, trust me for that. Let me go."

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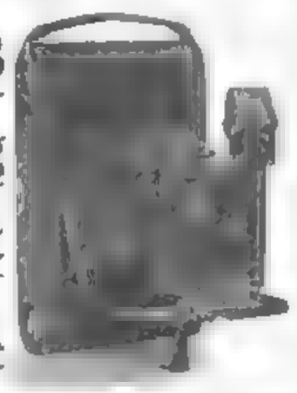

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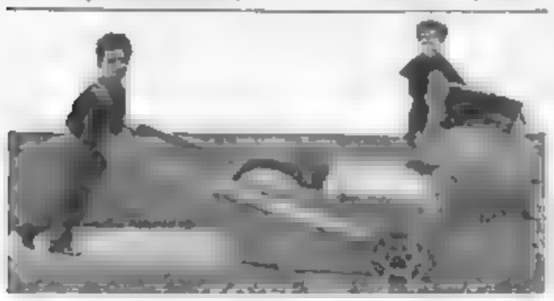

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"You must pardon me. You have done me at least a service and, through me, our army."

"No matter," said she breathlessly. "Follow the lane. It leads to the Newburgh Pike."

"I shall not forget, Mistress."

"Forget or remember, I care not; but go."

The halloo was now in full cry. His mount sprang forward and he was borne on into the night.

As he rode on, her face—a memory—tantalized him.

And then he remembered, years before—'twas at the Governor's, at Williamsburg—he had met a young lady of New York whose name had escaped him, but not her face. And she—why, she was this very maid of the inn!

He reached his lines with that serious message which saved an army.

(1)

HE PAUSED, his story told, and watched the Lady of the Manor, whose color was heightened, it may have been, by the heat of the day.

"A pretty story," quoth she. "Pray what's its bearing?"

It might show an act of loyalty on the part of one reputed disloyal, and so it might save the forfeiture of an estate."

"The fortune of war," quoth she inconsequently. "But have you not said that she did this not for your cause?"

"To the man—if she did it for the man and not for his cause—'twere the doctor thought," replied Burton fervently.

"No, no; she did it for the cause," answered the lady.

"Then perchance the estate may be saved!"

"Ah!" the lady cried, "I detest you rebels."

He looked at her steadily, though she held her face averted.

"Mistress Van Ostram," said he at last, "if it were for the man, your estate is saved. If it were for the cause, it still is saved. Yet once you said 'twas for the man—who never forgot the face he saw in the minuet at Williamsburg, before all this war was—a face that has been with him, in many lonely places, in many sad times. If he could purchase the price of this estate by giving himself——"

"Fie, fie," interrupted the lady, "you overrate the service done out of a girlish freak that snowy night. You would pay back too dearly. She was a traitress, that maid; how many times her conscience has said that to her," she added, remembering.

"But she knew him—this maid of the inn—the man she had seen that night long before at Williamsburg?"

"Why, of course. He was then a beau, a gallant—the owner of great properties. He was fairly well to look at. Why should she not remember?" asked the lady, now certainly blushing.

"And then she did that which has left him at her mercy, whether or no he may be happy."

"Fie, fie, sir; you must have read a romance of Richardson's."

"Yes, my own," quoth he. "But the question I put is, whether that deed was done for Congress or the man?" he insisted.

"How may I explain a silly girl's freak," said she in dismay, "or answer a foolish question?"

"By saying, Mistress, 'twas for the man."

He was standing by her side, looking down at her.

She looked down to avoid his eyes.

"Oh, law!" said she, "you men are so obstinate."

"Yes, but would you have us different?"

"But, indeed, 'tis not proper to use with a woman the manner of battle."

"Yes, Mistress Van Ostram, too many years' soldiering steal away manners."

"So I have noted," quoth she. "You come for my estates—you, who have taken my all." And her voice was so sad over her memories that he was disheartened, yet he persisted.

"You have but to say that you served the cause that night and you will preserve your estates."

"That I will not—I will not; I hate it all—I hate you all."

"Yes," said he slowly, "your reason is good. I know well how you feel. And Mistress——" He rose. "I grieve to have so troubled you. Yet, believe me, I am sorry [illegible] I would spare you more misery.

"You have been kind," quoth she in a faint voice; "very kind."

"I bid you, Mistress, good-day," said he. "Good-day, sir."

He was at the door when her voice reached him.

"I fear," said she, her face still downcast, "that I may not appear over-grateful."

"I can understand how you cannot say, 'I did that deed for Congress.' Nay, how could you say that?"

"How could I?"

"And I can understand how you cannot say that it was for the man."

"I said, for a hunted creature, sir."

"And now he is no longer hunted."

"Rather, I am the hunted, and now he visits me out of pity.'

"Ah, Mistress," said the Colonel; "how can you women treat us so harshly? You know well that it is not mere pity."

"Sir," she said, "I know not what to think. These estates are dear, because here I was born. But the faces I loved are no more here. What matters it to me, then, if these acres leave me? Ah, I am utterly alone."

He thought of it all for a moment, considering his words.

"'Tis not pity," he said.

"Oh, you are good—so good." Tears were in her eyes now as she looked at him.

"Not better than the maid of the inn was to me—than she could be to me again."

"How may that be, for truly I would not have my manners unseemly?" said she [illegible]

"You know."

"Indeed, why should I?"

"By saying that 'twas for the man that night at the inn," he went on.

"But how may that preserve me the manor?" asked she evasively.

"Ah, say it, Mistress," he implored.

"Why, to please you," she quoth faintly, "'twas to save the man when he was hunted. Does that save me the manor?"

"In part, but you must say further," quoth he, seeing he had gained but half his point.

"Oh, fie, Colonel, to permit you men a step means that you will take a full score."

"Not I, unless 'tis granted," quoth he, his hand on his breast.

"What, suddenly diffident?" asked she mockingly.

"Mistress," he cried, taking her hand, despite her reluctance, "you must not leave me unhappy."

"Release my hand," she commanded.

"Say then, the maid of the inn saved the man, and now the lady of the manor will save him peace of mind."

"Ah, sir, you are froward," she cried in apparent distress.

"Would you have me less, Mistress—a rough soldier, who has forgotten the Virginia gentleman, and yet has his excuse, the torment your eyes give him?"

"Oh, you will have it your way."

"I indeed will," said he strongly.

After a pause her tear-stained face smiled into his.

"Then be it so. The war has taken away and the war has given." And her voice was low. "'Twas the man that caused me to aid his escape. 'Tis—ah, sir, how can you so bother me—'tis—I cannot say it—'tis the man now."

So, they relate, was consummated the forfeit of the ancient Dutch domain of the Manor of the Van Ostrams—but not, as many eager politicians hoped, to the State.

A Question of Loyalty

THE old Duke of Argyll, who now rests with his fathers, was one of the leaders of thought in England for very many years, but His Grace did one thing that Scotsmen could not forgive him for doing. Loyal to his house he yet accepted a title from the English Queen.

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It is believed that the old Duke of Argyll, shortly after accepting the English title, repented having done so, but then, of course, it was too late. The Queen's daughter Louise is now Duchess of Argyll, and the Marquis of Lorne—sometime Governor General of Canada—is Duke.

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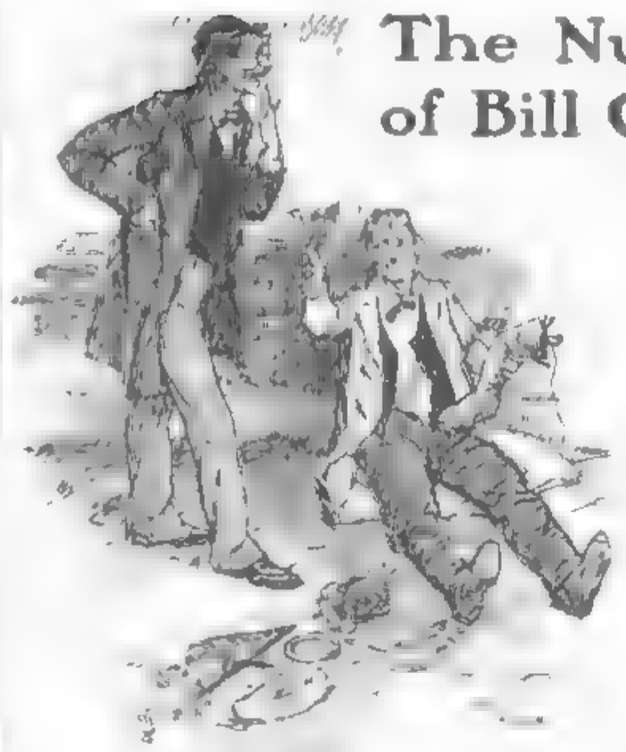

—he cut the string and hauled off the boot and reached in. "No, it's here, thank Heaving!" says he

The Numerous Return of Bill Cooper

By Hayden Carruth

THOUGH Mr. Milo Bush did not impress one as being an especially religious man, he was nevertheless invariably a stout defender of the church and things pertaining thereto. He always impressed one with the idea that he had been in the past a regular attendant at religious exercises; but he sometimes greatly weakened his case by intimating that it was his present constant practice, though unfortunately it was patent in the sight of all that he never attended. Another point which might have been urged against the probability of his ever having done so was that he chiefly recommended the church as the best place for a man to learn to speak the truth, but that he showed little of the church's influence in this direction. But whatever his earlier habits in this respect may have been he was fond of relating an anecdote of a certain Reverend Mr. Spottswood, who had formerly labored in the town, which ran something as follows:

There was Reverend Spottswood—best man that ever lived—never done a wrong act in his life, I reckon. Take lying, for instance—well, now, he *was* down on that. Never heard him say a word in its favor. Stood right up in the ring—pulpit I mean—and preached agin it. Wouldn't listen to a man's lying in his business even, nor in a hoss trade, nor in politics. Hurt himself with some of his strongest supporters, too, by it. More than once I've seen him come down town Monday morning looking sort o' solemn and set around the mouth, and I'd say to him: 'Elder, you give them liars fits again in your evening discourse, didn't you?' "I calculated to lam 'em a little," says he. "But you know it hurts you in the community," says I. "I know it, Brother Bush," says he. "I know it. But I can't help that. I feel that I can always depend on *you*, at least, to stand by me in my crusade agin the vice, Brother Bush." "You can that, Elder," says I. "I can't unfortunately say like you, Elder, that I never told a lie—I had the weakness of youth—boys will be boys, Elder—but *now* I see the beauty of truth. Stake!" And I would press his hand, and he would press mine, and I could see that he was strengthened and encouraged.

The Elder didn't have but one fault, and that was absent mindedness—the worst I ever that you ever seen. No use my *trying* to tell you how absent-minded he was—you wouldn't believe me. Come down town after a spool of thread for his wife and probably tote home a garden-rake, or some such contraption. Or mebby come streaking down ten minutes before supper time for a pound of round steak and then, after he'd ordered it, stand 'round the market for half an hour waiting for the butcher to hang him back up on the hook. Used to forget and blaze away at us with the same sermon till we knowed it by heart. Once he preached a sermon on the necessity of infant baptism three times running, and when he opened up with it the fourth time I rix up, and says I, in a kind, gentle way, says I: "Elder, ain't you getting them infants pretty wet? Hang 'em on the line for to-day and give us that warm, drying discourse of your'n on future punishment." And he sorter stopped and pulled himself together, and says he: "Thank you, Brother Bush. It's my unfortunate absent-mindedness again. How beautiful it is to see a member of the congregation willing to aid the pastor!" And he went on talking for ten minutes about how we all ought to strive to help him, and hold up his hands, and so forth, and wound up with, "But to resume," and I'll be hanged if he didn't turn the pump on them infants again, and go right on 's if nothing had happened.

The Elder was always very much took up with furren missions, and after a nevew of his'n went to Africa in the missionary business he got wuss than ever. The nevew used to write him long letters telling 'bout the natives around his place, and their benighted state, and how much behind the fashions they was on clothes, and that kind o' thing, and the more the Elder read the letters the more interesteder he got, *and* the more absent minded. Seemed after a spell just to have his mind on them unfashionable natives and nothing else. And 'bout this time he appeared to get a little hard of hearing, and I reckon his sight, which had never been none too good, mebby went back on him a little, 'specially when he got his specs on wrong side up, as he did mostly. But he was a good man, the Elder was, and didn't delight in nothing but doing kind deeds, even if he *did* cause the backsliding of Bill Cooper.

It was this way about Bill Cooper. Five or six years before he had lived here, but he hadn't been back at all dooring the time. The Elder had labored amongst us for about two years. One day Bill was going through and dropped off for a little, quiet visit. It was evening, and he heard that a fair was being held up at the church, where the women was running fancy-work tables, and ice-cream layouts, and grab bags, and other money-takers; so he went right up, just buying his railroad ticket, paying his hotel bill, and taking off one boot and putting a ten-dollar note down under the insole and then tying on the boot with a stout string running up to his suspenders.

Well, soon's Bill got inside he struck a whole raft of old friends and went to shaking hands with 'em kind o' quiet. Bill was a good feller, but he was sorter bashful and timid, 'specially with the women, being an old bachelor and never no hand for society doings. Then this night he was more so than usual, not having been 'round for so long, and also being some nervous 'bout that ten-dollar bill, not feeling that he could afford to lose it. Of course the Elder was on hand, too, and very much interested, the fair being for the furren missions, and he just that day having got a letter from his nevew about them dark heathen, and they being anywhere from five to ten thousand years behind the style in the matter of clothes. The letter had made him more absent-minded than ever, and he was just wandering round by sight to be sociable, but his mind was on them cannibulls. Best man in the world, but keerless, and sot on distant unbelievers.

Well, Bill kept sidling, and the Elder kept wandering, and pretty soon they got near and somebody says: "Bill, lemme interduce you to our new pastor," and tows him up and says he: 'Elder Spottswood, this is Mr. Cooper." The Elder takes his hand and kinder wrenches his mind off'n the heathen, and says he:

"Ah, glad to meet you, Mr. Hooper. You're a stranger in our little town, I take

"No," says Bill, "not perzisely. I used to live here 'bout five years ago."

"Ah, indeed," says the Elder. "Must be very pleasant to get back amongst old friends." Then they went on.

In 'bout ten minutes Bill was at the grab-bag, and had just paid a quarter to the girl and drawed out a teething-ring, when up comes the Elder, and says one of the women: "Oh, Elder Spottswood, let me introduce Mr. Cooper."

The Elder put out his hand again and says he: "Ah, happy to see you amongst us, Mr. Cooper. Are you a stranger here, or have you been here before?"

Bill says: "No, I used to live here five years ago."

"Ah, just so," says the Elder. "How you must enjoy renewing old acquaintances. Hope I may see you again, Mr.—er—Tooter." Then each one went on again.

Well, in 'bout another ten minutes Bill was in one corner talking to an old friend when

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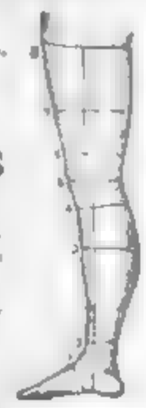

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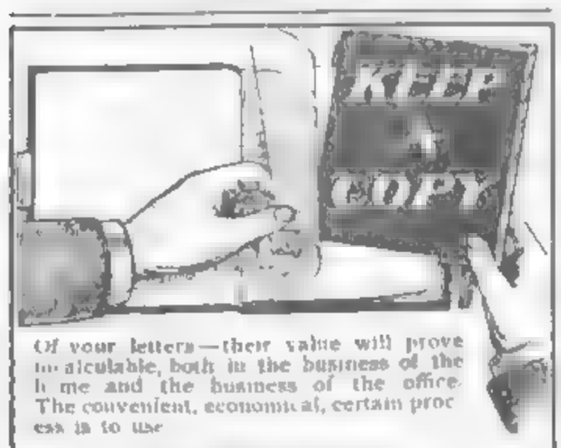

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up comes the Elder again and bumps into him, and says the friend: "Glad to see you, Elder. Here, you must meet my friend, Mr Cooper."

"Ah, pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Kookey," says the Elder. "Might I ask if you are a stranger in our little hamlet?"

"I don' call myself sich," says Bill, his face pretty red. "You see, I used to live here some years ago."

"Ah, another old resident," says the Elder. "There seems to be a number of old settlers here to-night. Quite a reunion, as it were. Hope I may meet you again—I want to tell you of the grand work we are doing in Bullyboloo Land, where my nevew is." And Bill says he hopes he will meet him, though it was a cold lie, 'cause he had made up his mind that he'd run 'fore he'd face him again.

But Bill was in for it again just the same. In a few minutes he was in a crowd in front of the tidy table, where one of the girls had just sold him a lamp-mat for seventy five cents and was having hard work not to find the change for a dollar, when she seen the Elder, and that give her an idee, and she calls him over and says she: "Oh, Mr. Cooper, you *must* meet Elder Spottswood," and the Elder out with his hand and pumped Bill's up and down, and says he:

"Ah, Mr. Scooter, good-evening I trust you are not finding it lonesome amongst strangers, eh?"

"But I'm only a comparative stranger, you see—I used to live here," says Bill, redding up again, and gritting his teeth

"Ah, you don't tell me!" says the Elder "Another old resident of our delightful little town. I meet them on all sides to night," and he turned to speak to some one else, and Bill made a bee line for the far end of the room. He just made up his mind that this settled it, and he'd keep away from everybody and not run any chances of no more introductions. So he stood there by the wall and studied a map of the Holy Land, and run his nose up and down the river Jordan, and squinted with one eye at Dan and cocked the other up at Beersheber, and got a focus on Bombay, and zigzagged his gaze off with the travels of Paul when he crossed the Rubicon, and was just thinking he was all safe when the Elder p'inted him and come sailing up and puts out his hand, and says he:

"Ah, good-evening, Brother. I don't just seem to recall you—may I ask what your name might be?"

"My name is Cooper," says Bill, loud and clear, and everybody looks

"Ah, Mr. Cooper," says the Elder, and Bill feels encouraged, "welcome to our midst. You are a stranger in our stirring little community, I see."

"No," snaps Bill "Not by a long shot Used to live here five years ago"

"Ah, indeed; I would scarcely believe it if you did not tell me so. I never seen so many old residents at one time before. I have met upward of a dozen this evening."

"But you've met me before," says Bill, getting redder and redder. "You——"

Ah, impossible, impossible, Mr. Carpenter," breaks in the Elder. "You see, I've only been here two years. But I hope to meet you many times in the future—many times—and talk with you about our grand mission work," and the Elder went on, leaving Bill mopping his face with his lamp mat

He was all right for 'most a hour, and had got his face worked down middling light again, when Deacon Pickett comes to him, and says he

"Bill, we're going to have a few closing exercises, and the Elder is going to address us—just come up for'ard and I'll find you a seat."

Well, Bill fit off, but the Deacon drug him along, and when they got for'ard the seats was all full, so he took him up on the platform and give him a cheer among the [illegible] set of us more promerment workers I seen Bill edging his cheer back and looking mighty skeered, but I couldn't do nothing to help him. Then the Elder steps up, all smiles, and he looks 'round at the people, and smiles some more, and says he, "My friends," and sort o' swings around so 's to include us workers on the platform, and as he does so he catches sight of Bill. "Wot!" he says; "ah, I see; we have a stranger," and he steps over, his hand out. "Mr Cooper," says I, in a loud whisper. "Ah, welcome to our beautiful little city, Mr Snooper," says he, grabbing Bill's hand

"He used to live here," says I, bound to make everything all pleasant.

"Ah, then welcome all the more," and he hauls Bill for'ard by main strength, pumping his hand harder than ever. "It seems there is a return of the lost tribes to-night—Mr. Booter and Mr. Kounger and Mr. Snorter and Mr. Bunter and others. Let me present you to our people," and he drags Bill, who's all the time chewing his teething ring at the rate of eighty times a minute, out to the edge of the platform, pumping his hand terrific "My friends, let me present your old neighbor, Mr. Snooper. Now if Mr. Gosher and Mr. Grunter and the other old residents will come for'ard we'll——"

"You tarnation old fool," howls Bill, yanking his hand away and backing off, "my name is Cooper, and I'm the only old resident here! You've met me more'n five hundred times to-night! You ought to be shot!"

"No sich language as that!" says I, leaping betwixt 'em, anxious, as I always are, to pour ile on the troubled waters. "Let up, Bill!" Then I turns to the Elder and says in a loud whisper: "He ain't just O. K. in his upper story. You go ahead and have your little reunion with the others and I'll get him away," and I shoved Bill out the side door and landed him on the walk, where he sot down hard. The fresh air seemed to revive him, and he took out his teething ring and threw it in the gutter 'long with his lamp mat and a bunch of wax flowers, and a pound of home-made candy and a pair of pillar shams, and some other things

"Bill," says I, "did they get your ten?"

"Great jumping snakes, I'll bet they did!" says he, and he cut the string and hauled off the boot and reached in. "No, it's here, thank Heaving!" says he.

The Eagle's Heart

(Continued from Page 13)

Three years! Three years! A thousand things could happen in three years. While he was camping in the Grand Cañon with the lizards and skunks she was waiting to hear from him. While he sat in the shade of the walls of Walpi, surrounded by hungry dogs, she was singing for him and wondering whether her letter had ever reached him

He sprang up again! "I will go to see her!" he said to himself. Then he remembered. His horse was worn, he had no money and no suitable clothing. Then he thought: "I will write." It did not occur to him to telegraph, for he had never done such a thing in his life

He walked out into the sitting room, his letters in his hands

"How far do you call it to Wagon Wheel?"

"About thirty miles, and all up hill."

"Will you loan me one of your broncos?"

"Certain sure, my boy."

"I want to ride up there and send a couple of letters."

"Better wait till morning," said Reynolds "Your letters have waited three years—I reckon they'll keep over night."

"That's so," said Mose with a smile

Sleep came to him swiftly, in spite of his letters, for he was very tired, but he found the room close and oppressive when he arose in the morning. The women were already preparing breakfast and Reynolds sat by the fire pulling on his boots.

As they were walking out to the barn Reynolds plucked him by the sleeve and said

"I reckon I've lost my chance to kill Craig

"Why?"

"A Mexican took the job off my hands." His face expressed a sort of gloomy dissatisfaction. Then without looking at Mose he went on: "That's one reason daughter looks so pert. She's free of that skunk's clutches now—and can hold up her head. She's free to marry a decent man."

Mose was silent. Mary's letter had thrust itself between his lips and Cora's shapely head, and all thought of marriage with her was gone.

As they galloped up to the camp the boys were at work finishing the last bunch of calves. The camp wagon was packed and ready to start across the divide, but the cook flourished a newspaper and came running up.

"Here you are, posted like a circus."

Mose took the paper, and on the front page read in big letters

JIACK MOI
Mysterious as Ever
The Celebrated Dead Shot
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"——— 'em!" said Mose, "can't they let me alone? Seems like they can't rest till they crowd me into trouble"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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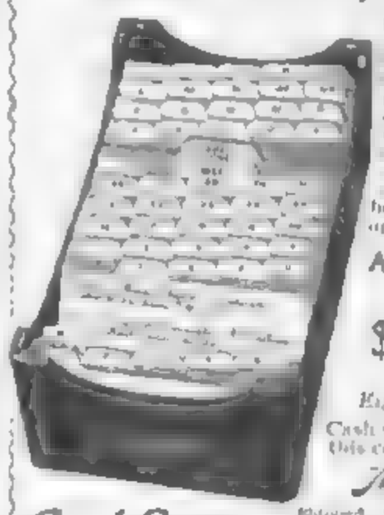

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Keeping Track of Young Men

SHORT TALKS BY BUSINESS MEN

IN NEW YORK, as in most other large American cities, there exists a system of personal oversight of employees of important business concerns where money in large sums is handled, and for the accounting of which at the end of the business day a trusted cashier, bookkeeper, teller or clerk is held responsible. This system of keeping track of employees does not necessarily carry with it the implication that they are distrusted; if that were the case they would be immediately relieved of their responsibilities, and the necessity for further watching their movements obviated. But to satisfy themselves that no mistake has been made in the selection of employees in whose keeping the cash, and therefore the commercial welfare of the [illegible] have been placed, the majority of employers periodically inquire into the home life and recreations of those whom they trust.

This inquiry is not made openly; neither is it done by stealth. There is very little detective work required. It is very easy to learn whether Jenkins, the trusted cashier keeps a stable of fast horses on a known income of $3000 a year, or whether Perkins the head bookkeeper, is given to fast [illegible].

These facts may be gathered slowly and by piecemeal, but gathered they are, from divers sources. Once it is proved that the habits of an employee of trust are such as to warrant watching, stern surveillance is brought into requisition. [illegible] a rigid examination of the suspected one is made out of office hours, usually, by an expert auditor. If irregularities are discovered, the offending employee is called upon to explain. If the explanation is unsatisfactory, dismissal follows. Unless the extravagant Jenkins or the bibulous Perkins has actually plunged into the depths of thievery he is not prosecuted. His landsmen are more apt to put him behind iron bars than his employers. There is more humanity and forgiveness in the business world than library locked essayists will ever know about; despite stringent methods for the discouragement of roguery there is much optimism concerning the general trustworthiness of mankind.

Honesty Cannot be Compulsory

As President of the North American Trust Company, Mr. Alvah Trowbridge expresses his belief that honesty can never be made compulsory, that though some system for "keeping watch" over employees is right and proper, young men in positions of trust are generally as honest as they are ambitious. Mr. Trowbridge says briefly and to the point:

"My experience with those who have held responsible positions—positions of competency as well as of trust—has been that they are generally trustworthy. I do not believe that there is such a thing as compulsory honesty. If employees are suspected for any cause, let them be watched and their accounts looked into. It is manifestly unfair to cast suspicion upon any employee, however humble, without a just, legitimate cause. Too often unjust suspicion begets a feeling of resentment which ultimately results in disinterest; and carelessness is but a step to dishonesty. I think that frequent examinations of accounts are always valuable, if not an absolute necessity. Such examinations, made at short intervals, prevent all possible errors and put a check on carelessness, while establishing more firmly than before such methods as are pursued in a given business, for a given purpose."

Integrity the Rule: Pres. Seward

Mr. George F. Seward, President of the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York, is a man who enjoys both social and business distinction, and who combines the spirit of the philosopher with the matter-of-fact viewpoint of the alert business man. Upon the subject of watching trusted employees Mr. Seward says:

"The methods most effective in securing honesty among responsible employees are the careful selection of men, a careful system of bookkeeping, careful audits frequently made, and the plan of changing men from desk to desk. By these methods much trouble may be averted both for employer and employee.

"Among cashiers, bookkeepers and others who hold places of trust, in either large or small concerns, integrity is the rule. The fear of exposure and the disgrace that follows keeps some men within bounds, but, generally speaking, men are honest and [illegible] little need for 'keeping track' of the goings and comings of any employee.

"Beyond the shadow of a doubt the periodical examination of a firm's books by an expert accountant is a beneficial check upon men who might otherwise pilfer. No corporation, firm or individual employer can afford to neglect independent expert audit work. Such audits will not prevent dishonesty altogether, but they will prevent systematic and extensive defalcations.

"In my experience I have not found it advisable to proceed upon the theory of trusting men without preventive aids. It seems to me every right minded, honest man, young or old, desires to work under a system which gives assurance that he is doing right. If any officer or other person in a position of trust objects to the auditing system he is either dishonest or unduly sensitive. It is the duty of an employer so to manage his affairs as to place no unnecessary temptation in the way of those whom he controls.

The Employee Who Needs No Watching

"To any young man holding a position of trust I would advise his constant faithfulness. He should be observant, always, so as to be useful. He should inculcate by his whole course [illegible] desirous of serving his employer's best interests. Finally, he should be careful in his course of life to avoid not only doing evil but the appearance of doing it. The employee who models his business career upon such fine old principles will not need to be watched. He is beyond all watching or need for watching.

"In the particular business in which I am engaged cases innumerable are presenting themselves where some irregularity is constantly being brought to light by the examination of accounts. Such disclosures are the result of a prompt and careful auditing of books and, in almost every instance of the kind referred to, the misappropriated amounts have been recovered because of such prompt action. To sum up the situation, it is enough to say that, while men are given to the gambling spirit, the love of display and high living, there are likely to be defalcations; but, as nearly as human ingenuity can make it so, honesty must be imposed on trusted persons to such an extent that morally warped natures will, perforce, do their work as well, and as free from cunning selfishness, as the man born of high instincts."

The Need for Independent Audits

Mr. C. W. Haskins, of the firm of Haskins & Sells, is one of the foremost accountants in this country. It was this gentleman and his business associate who were called upon by the United States Government, a few years back, to audit the accounts of the National Treasury at Washington, a distinction which was conferred solely on the individual merits of the two men. Not since Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury had Uncle Sam's system of bookkeeping been inspected and overhauled until Mr. Haskins and Mr. Sells were invited to scan the Treasury ledgers and institute a perfect system of accounts. Opinions upon the subject of "keeping track" of men in positions of trust, and the kindred matters which the subject suggests, cannot therefore fail to be of moment and interest when given by one of Mr. Haskins's business standing. These are his thoughts upon the matter:

"The one effective deterrent of carelessness and guarantee of honesty is the adoption of the most approved modern methods of accounting and bookkeeping. In conjunction with such a system there should be periodic, independent audits of the accounts by certified public accountants of high character and good standing in the business community. The average cashier and bookkeeper in most instances is selected only after a thorough investigation of his character, and in my opinion he is, on the average, a man of integrity. The causes of such defalcations as occur are usually traceable to some particular temptation to which the trusted man has been exposed, or from a pressure of circumstances peculiar to his case. These have usually been the causes of his act rather than

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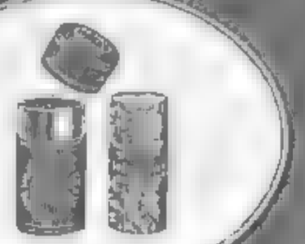

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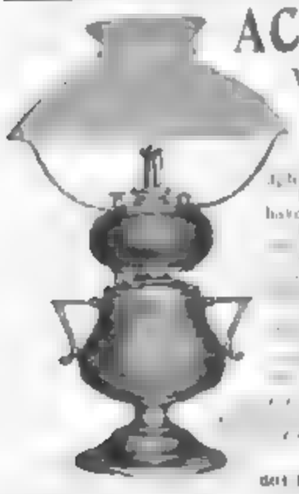

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an inherent dishonesty. I think that the majority of men are naturally honest; but I am not familiar with a case in point where an individual, or a set of men, is intrusted with responsibility without some kind of check upon the work. Whatever the opinion might be of the owners of a corporation or business, it is an extremely unwise policy to place any more strain upon the honesty of men than can be avoided. The proper examination of books by independent auditors is bound to disclose any irregularity in the accounts, and as this is known to all clerks and officials, it must act as a moral check upon any dishonest purposes.'

The Preventive Check Applied to Dishonesty

Another successful man who adds to his immediate calling as a public accountant and auditor the training and knowledge of the practicing lawyer is Mr. H. R. Dixon. This gentleman's experience with men has impressed upon him the necessity for establishing every kind of precautionary method with which to discourage dishonesty rather than to detect it after the act has been committed. Mr. Dixon's views on the subject of the average employee's honesty are very candidly expressed.

'The most effective, and indeed the only practical method of preventing the misappropriation of money among trusted employees is a rigorous examination by an outside auditor or expert accountant who is skilful and knows what 'strings to pull,' and acts at a time when least expected. There is no other safe method of check if the employee is to be trusted at all.

"It is little short of criminal on the part of an employer to hand over to a young, or an old man for that matter, large or small sums of money without keeping a systematic watch of its disposition. Of course, many men are morally strong in this direction; they have normal integrity, and have no inclination to divert the funds of others, even when the handling of such funds is unrestricted. Others again are prevented from stealing by fear of exposure or the sacrifice of their bonds. But, as before remarked, the periodical examination of a firm's books by an expert accountant, called in for the purpose, when effectively and regularly made, acts as the most beneficial check upon men who might otherwise steal.

"Expert auditors act the part of detectives, and naturally restrain and prevent the tempted from the faults and criminal step about to be taken. Nor should the audits be merely occasional; they should form a part of the system of conducting every business; being so understood by the employees. To achieve the end in view such examinations must be thorough, unexpected and repeated.

A Stranger Makes the Best Auditor

"A stranger makes the best auditor, for then there is no sentiment or sympathy existing to let the suspected one 'down easy,' as has been the case with many cashiers of banks. Examiners who have grown up with their fellow-clerks make poor auditors. Much, of course, depends upon the circumstances in each case as to what men are to be trusted with the money of others without recourse to any kind of detective aids. The financial and social positions of employees, their habits, associations, and so on are all fit subjects of inquiry upon which to base a judgment. But, for the average employee, a systematic and periodical audit is the best and most effective check upon dishonesty ever devised. Wholly trustworthy bookkeepers and cashiers welcome an examination of their accounts.

"In August, 1892, I was called into a well known banking house and, after a few days' investigation, discovered a defalcation on the part of the cashier of $37,000, a sum which had been gradually appropriated during thirteen years. This could not have happened if an auditor had occasionally dropped in upon the dishonest cashier. Again, only last month a small trader called upon me and wanted an investigation of his affairs; his cashier had unexpectedly gone away. I found the trader's funds were also gone and his books doctored so that he could not tell where or how he stood. It was the old story of the 'barn door.'

Aside from any moral aspect of the question I urge that for the welfare of the employee no less than for the safety of the employer there should be a constant keeping watch upon all moneys received and disbursed by those intrusted with their care. It is too late to lock the stable-door when the horse has been stolen."

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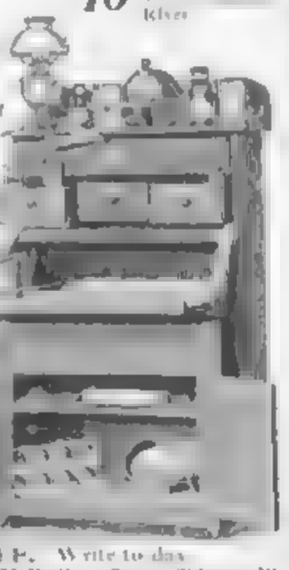

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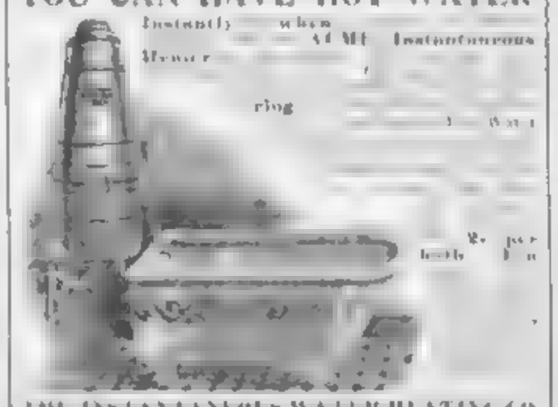

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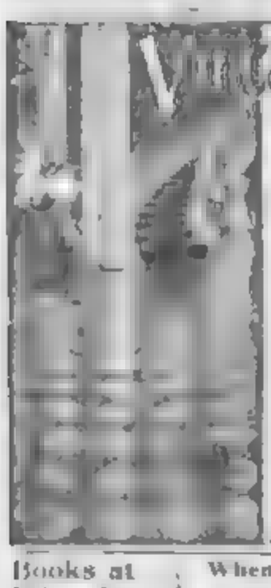

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THE modern competition among publishers has made it almost a certainty that if you are a hero on the field of battle you can be on that account a considerably richer man the first moment you have sufficient leisure to sign a contract for a book. This would probably happen even if, were such a thing possible, the hero had never learned writing.

But when a man like General Baden-Powell, who has a pen as lively and graphic as that of the best war correspondent, is shut up in Mafeking, where no publishers and no publishers' agents can get at him, the nervous strain which these gentlemen undergo is something not to be spoken of lightly. Almost the very first telegram which was sent from London, addressed to Mafeking, when the news came of the relief of that town, was one to the gallant B. P. from a London publisher offering an advance of $30,000 for a book on the siege. And close on the heels of this, it is said, were five other telegrams offering money with equal or at least similar lavishness.

The story seemed exciting enough for a week or two until it was rumored that Lord Roberts had been offered £100,000—a round half million of dollars—for a history of the South African War. "Boris" is well known as an admirable writer, and his Forty-One Years in India had a large sale a few years ago. Yet this offer, if it actually was made, is almost fabulous.

There has been talk of some continental houses offering large sums to President Kruger for a written account of his side of the case. But publishing fees on the continent are not often so big as they are in England and America, so it is unlikely that President Kruger will receive any offer worthy of comparison with Lord Roberts' or even General Baden Powell's.

Ellen Terry's Artistic Children

One of the most interesting books which can be imagined would be Miss Ellen Terry's (Mrs. E. A. Wardell's) Autobiography. It is very doubtful, however, whether the reading public will ever have the pleasure of turning its pages. This is not because the book will not be written, but because it may never be published. No one except Miss Terry herself could give accurate information on the subject, but it is understood that already she has written many chapters of reminiscences. Writing for her own pleasure and possibly for her children's is one thing, however, and publishing another. The great actress, who has learned to face calmly thousands of people, is as shy as a child when it comes to a question of her writing.

She should not write badly, for the Terry blood is insistently artistic, and makes those who possess it, even when they are not on the stage, sure to be in some artistic profession. Miss Terry's two children, for example, Miss Edith Craig and Mr. Edward Gordon Craig, after having had a fling at the stage, gave that up. Mr. Craig edits a curious little magazine called the Page, full of quaint designs and woodcuts of his own.

It bears upon its title-page the statement that it is published "at the Sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Surrey," and this never changes, though it is some time since the editor has lived there. He is now in an obscure little Somerset village, in a tiny cottage, on a street quaintly named Plunderers' Street. This, says Mr. Craig, seems the ideal address for a publisher, but in spite of it the plunder from the Page does not overburden him.

Miss Craig is a designer and maker of theatrical costumes, and if things go on in the London theatrical world as they have been going there will soon be no first rate production there for which Miss Craig has not designed the costumes.

The Briefest Editorial Snub

Letters from editors to contributors in which the former gracefully decline the offerings of the latter have been couched in ten thousand ways. But rarely has one been written more tersely and to the point than that which a well-known English author lately received. The writer may usually be counted on to furnish amusing and wholly unobjectionable stories. But on this occasion he gave himself a little freer hand, and the result, though moral enough, was perhaps not quite "for the family." This story was sent to a magazine which is very particular about such matters.

The editor, who is a friend of the author, and who knew that the latter's sense of humor would make him take it as it was meant, returned the manuscript promptly with the following note.

"*My Dear Sir:* Oh, my dear sir!

"Yours faithfully."

Andrew Lang at Fault

The present generation of novel readers probably know the novels of Miss Violet Hunt much better than they do those of Margaret Hunt, who is her mother. For it is some years now since Mrs. Hunt published her novels, and nowadays only masterpieces live much beyond the second or third season of their existence. But the Londoner who has read their books and whose privilege it is as he comes down a leafy lane on Campden Hill, to stop for a cup of tea with Mrs. and Miss Hunt at an attractive small house on his left, has double reason to believe that literary gifts are hereditary or at least contagious.

Translating is usually called hard work, but Mrs. Hunt finds it almost the most amusing thing she can do. And this is not to be wondered at when one learns that she acquires languages almost by instinct. Once she was translating various German fairy tales and folklore stories for a volume. They were not all in pure High German, but seemed to be in various local dialects. Mrs. Hunt, however, said that she bothered very little about that; they all seemed near enough German to be comprehensible. After the book was done she met her publisher one day.

"By the way," said he, "I didn't know that you knew Danish." "I don't," was the somewhat surprised reply.

"But you translate from it," persisted the publisher; "one of the stories in that book was Danish."

"Was it all right?" asked the translator.

"Yes, entirely." "Then," said Mrs. Hunt, "I suppose I know Danish."

Some time later Mr. Andrew Lang, who was editing a volume of fairy and folklore, was complaining that at the moment he couldn't put his hand on any one to translate a Norwegian story for him. "Let me do it," said Mrs. Hunt, who was present.

"Do you know Norwegian?" asked Mr. Lang. "No," was the answer; and Mr. Lang, who prides himself on getting out scholarly volumes, thought a joke must be meant. But ultimately he was persuaded to make the experiment, and then submitted the result to a competent Norwegian scholar. Mrs. Hunt does not know Norwegian, but somewhere in Mr. Lang's book can be found that Norwegian story as she translated it.

The Parrot of a Novelist

Major Arthur Griffiths cannot complain that as he grows older life grows dull and monotonous with him. Having had in the army a fairly long career which embraced the Crimean War, and which has ever since kept him in intimate connection with all military affairs in England and in close friendship with most of the prominent military men, he varied things by becoming Deputy Governor, in succession, of three of the most important prisons in England, and later, for a long time, Inspector of Prisons. Meanwhile, in spare times he edited several papers and wrote many novels.

When in Gibraltar he edited the Gibraltar Chronicle, and later, in London, he was editor of the Fortnightly Review, one of the most distinguished English publications, and then of the World, one of the smartest. Nowadays he is trying his hand on a London daily. The several capital detective stories he has written are perhaps the work that amuses him most.

"I don't think that I am greedy as an author," says he, "but I *have* invented a scheme to increase my profits. When I give people copies of my story, The Rome Express, I generally offer to bet half a crown that they cannot discover who committed the murder until they reach the last chapter. I don't always win, but I do sometimes, and in an author's earnings every little helps. I

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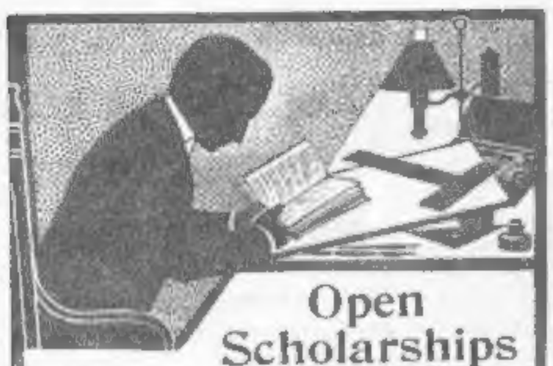

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am proud, moreover, of having thus made five shillings from Conan Doyle."

In Major Griffiths' study there is a bright-eyed gray parrot in a cage, and its master asserts that it helps him in his work to hear the bird's chatter. But as the bird, like most parrots, will never talk before visitors, some of these visitors think that it only helps to make the room perfectly quiet.

The Sure Harbinger of Summer

When the peach and the apple and the pear blossoms deck the erstwhile bare limbs of their parent trees; when "peepers" peep and "shadblows" appear, and the bobolink pipes up, and Mr. Bangs' latest book comes to the bookstalls, then we may know that spring is well under way and that summer is nigh at hand. All of these portents had we save the last, yet the days seemed cold and people gathered in knots and said, "The summer is backward." But the last sign was vouchsafed when The Booming of Acre Hill, the latest child of Mr. Bangs' perennial fancy, blossomed into being.

The book deals with life in the vicinity of Acre Hill and Dumfries Corners, suburban settlements in Westchester County. Mr. Bangs is a Westchesterian or Westchesterite or Westchestern, and he writes of what he has known and seen. The stories are of varying merit, but all are extremely hammocky.

The sketches relating to children are the best and the funniest. Mr. Bangs seems to have a real sympathy and affection for and understanding of the healthy American boy, and Jarley's Experiment, wherein he tells of the transference of superfluous energy from a boy to his father, is funnier than there was any need to be. It is wicked to waste good fun when there is such a scarcity of it.

The Mayor's Lamps and The Balance of Power read as if they were founded upon the author's political experience; for at one time in his career he threatened to withdraw from "the making of many books" and become a mayor. We have always thought that Messrs. Harper and Brothers sent up a colony of young authors to Yonkers who voted against him and so saved him for the book trade, for he was defeated. But perhaps he knew that he would be beaten and only ran that he might gain experience, like the absent-minded reporter who once allowed himself to be electrocuted that he might write it up.

It will be at least six months before another book issues from the fluent fountain-pen of Mr. Bangs, but already his seeds are in the ground, for he is a thrifty husbandman and with him it is always both seed time and harvest. —*Charles Battell Loomis.*

An Overambitious Art

The author of Galloping Dick and The Adventurers has proved that he can write a stirring tale with no lack of the coil of circumstance. He has shown his gift of a large-lunged humor, his command of a whimsical turn for the unexpected. But on this latter score we could have spared a thing so extravagantly unexpected as a book not bright enough to carry the interest to its *finis*.

The Rebel is a very thorough and painstaking piece of work. The atmosphere and the diction fit their period with a scholarly nicety. The historical background is scrupulously correct—indeed, one is presently persuaded that the whole thing is pure history, with no fiction whatever to alleviate its unrelenting facts. This is carrying the illusion a trifle too far. We feel that the vaulting ambition of Mr. Marriott Watson's art has o'erleaped its sell and fallen on the other side.

It is possible, and most desirable, to write history with so vivid a touch, so careful a disguise of learning, so nice an elimination of all but the truly relevant and vital facts, that it may read like fiction and beguile even the unashamed seeker after mere entertainment. But it is hardly pardonable to write fiction with so much repetition of monotonous detail, so easy a disregard of formal structure, so ragged and non-significant a conclusion, that it reads like the history of one of those slack periods when the world-spirit is taking a vacation. The character of Anthony, fourth Earl of Cherwell, more or less of the Court of Charles Second, is drawn with such understanding, sympathy and fullness that we attain to a most intimate knowledge of his personality; but this knowledge only leaves us divided between wonder and regret that the fate which he so obstinately courted had not overtaken him at an earlier stage in his career. —*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

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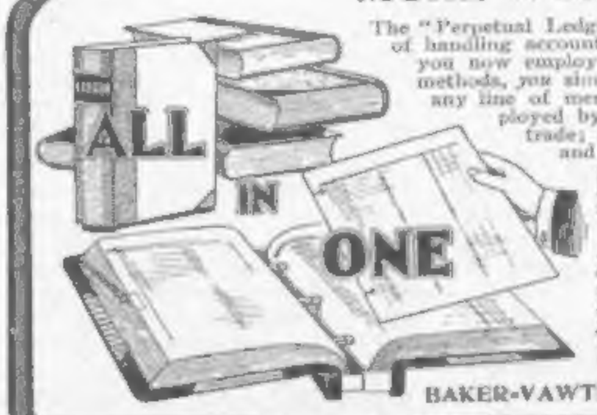

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The Great Boer War at Francis' Store

(Concluded from Page 6)

Branch and me, are the nearest womenfolks to these gentlemen that have been bettin'" (Branch stole a startled glance at Walter; and, to his own surprise, Walter found himself sending back a gleam of sympathy); "*she's* Cap'n Branch's wife; and Mist' Lindsay's *my* boarder. We know perfectly well that these two gentlemen would pay their bets if it cleaned 'em out of house an' home; but I ain't goin' to see a nice, decent young man that's buyin' a home for his old aunt and his sister, and keepin' his orphin brothers, lose all his savin's because them fools over in Africa cayn't keep the peace. Cap'n Branch"—she rose, and turned full on the Kentuckian—"Cap'n Branch, I've heard it told often that you never refused a lady a favor; Cap'n, that there boy'd let his heart be cut out 'fore he'd rue back; he's a plumb ijit; but I *ain't;* and I beg you, knowin' how onpremediated was his bettin', and how it's ever' dollar he's got in the world, and the rifle belonged to his paw, and the hoss he raised from a colt and gentled hisself, and comes when he calls his name and follers him round like a dog, and never *did* have a lick—Cap'n, you ain't goin' to take that boy's savin's and hoss and gun if you do win——"

"Madam," cried Branch, lifting his right hand, "I swear I won't touch a cent; he cayn't *make* me! I'll fight him first!"

When Walter heard the words of the plea he opened his lips to repel his champion; but as the Widow sat down, Mrs. Branch, who had followed every motion with acute attention, sprang up as if pulled by a string, and laid a nervous hand on Walter's sleeve.

"Mr. Lindsay," she said, "you know I'm for the English; my great-aunt was born in Canada and she's got a picture of the Queen; and I've wanted them to win, but I cayn't if it's going to cost us five hundred dollars; and I don't believe you are wanting to take that much out of Captain Branch. It ain't no use *me* begging him to try get off the paper; he says his honor's at stake" (Branch's chest swelled visibly, and he assumed a nobler attitude, while the crowd stared at this amazing humility); "maybe it is, but if you would let him——"

"My dear madam," cried Walter, flushing to his eyes, "I never meant to take a cent; I was a fool to provoke him to bet; but—but it's no more than fair to tell you he isn't likely to need you asking me—the odds are against *me*——"

"Sir," shouted Branch, "after such sentiments you have *got* to hear my apology; it was *my* fault, sir. Sir, I'm an older man than you; I ask you as a favor to tear up that d-d-diabolical paper! Mistress Branch, I thank you. The female instinct is wiser than man's reason. I never go contrary to your advice that I do not regret it."

As he spoke he bowed low over his wife's hand and raised it to his lips. There was no simulation in his fervor; his wife had rehabilitated him. He felt that this public example of her wifely submission would wither the noisome scandal of her discipline, as nitric acid withers the poke weeds; and he loved the whole world. He hardly permitted the doctor to make his compliments to Mrs. Branch before he fell upon his neck and hugged him. "How much apology do *you* want?" he cried joyously.

"Not a mite," said the doctor. "I only want forgiveness and to congratulate you on having such a wife; her price is above rubies."

"Very true," said Snow; and Redman added his compliment, concluding out of the exuberance of his generous heart: "And to ease all of your failings about losing the bet, I'll bet another with me friends, Snow and the Doctor—if Ladysmith does fall they got to go to me ratification meeting and pay for the fireworks. If Buller gets in I'll do as much for them and sing God Save the Queen, too—after all, she's the bist of the bilin' and the sinsibilist, too."

Away, Sad Voices

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Away, sad voices, telling
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To joy returns again.

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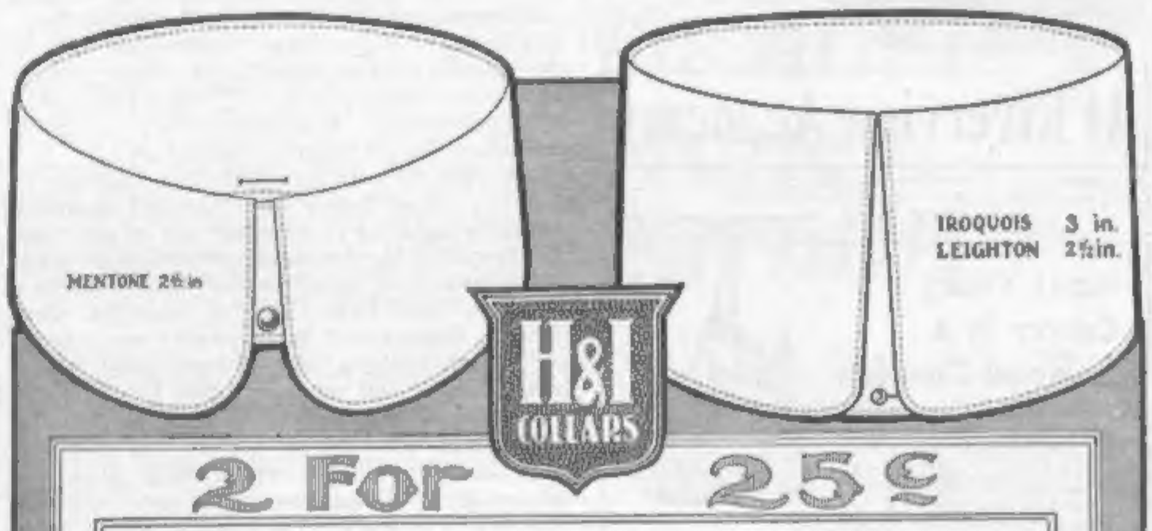

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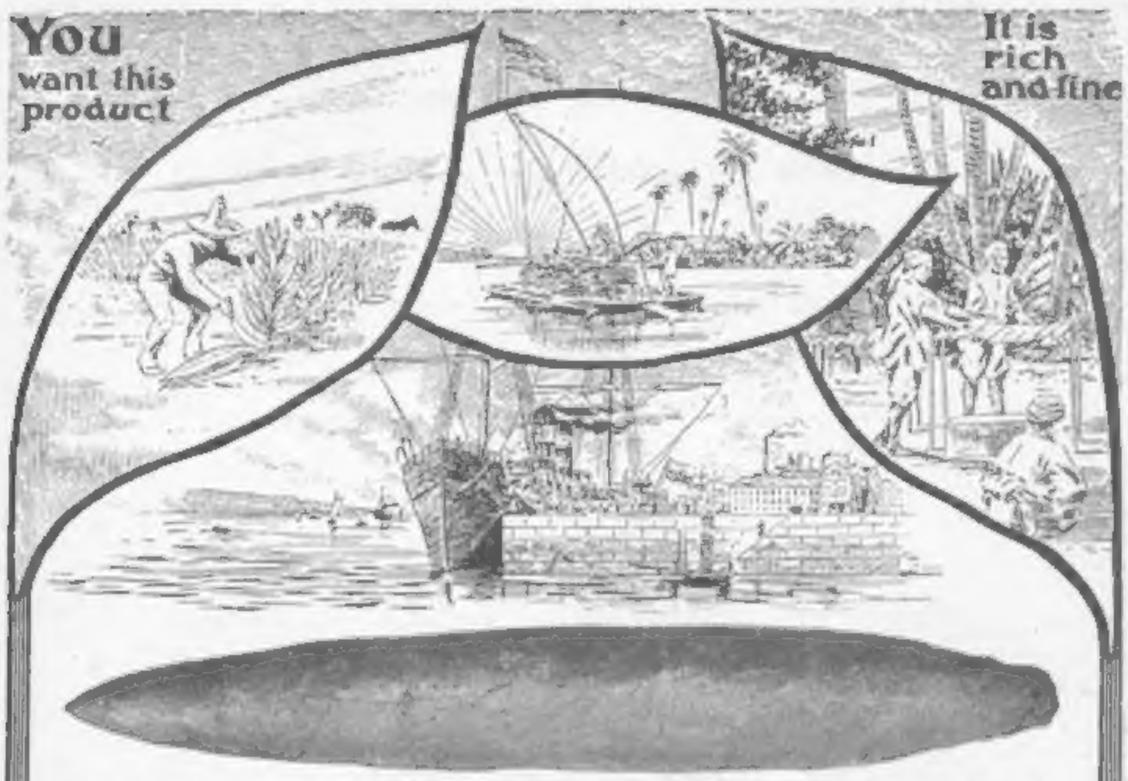

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